

HOW
TO
LENGTHEN
OUR
EARS



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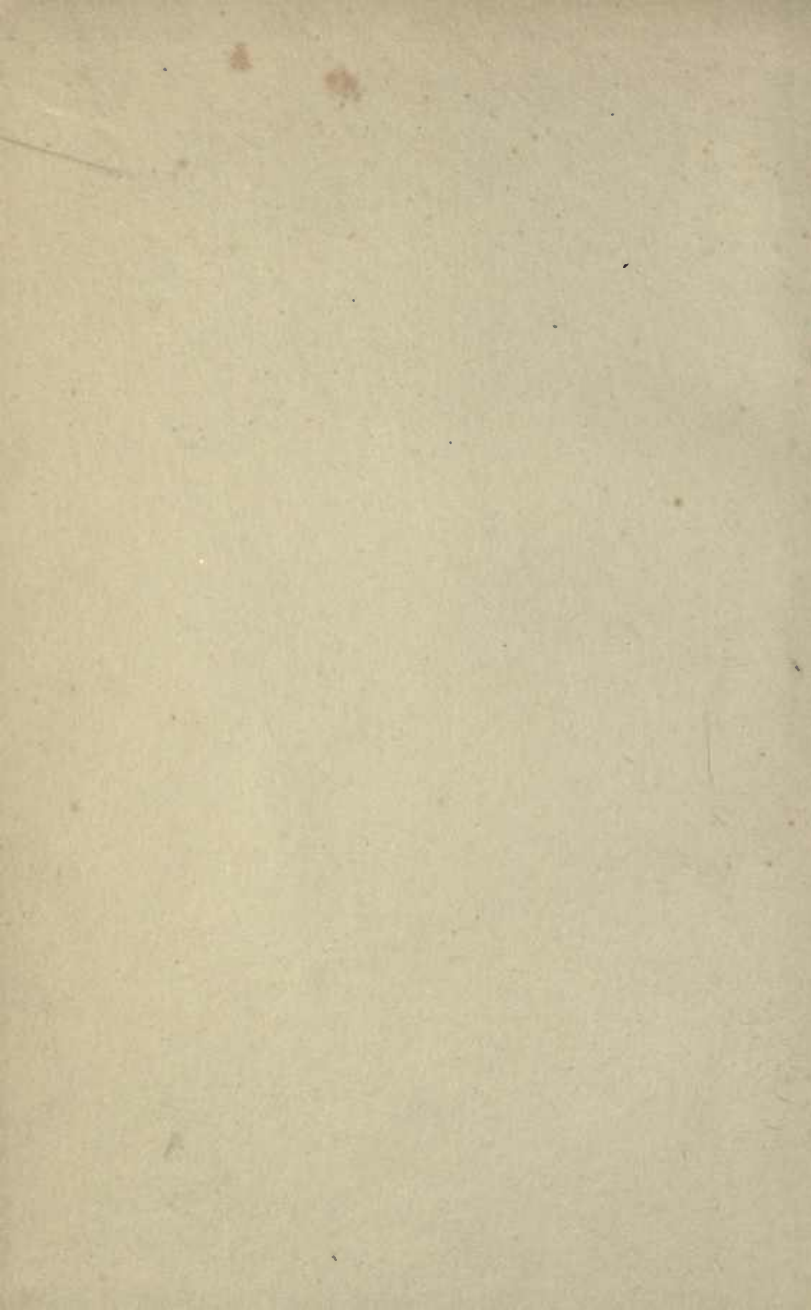
Too much attention to view of
learning by upper classes!

p 209 The side of the heart

p 62 Bentham

Published in
1917

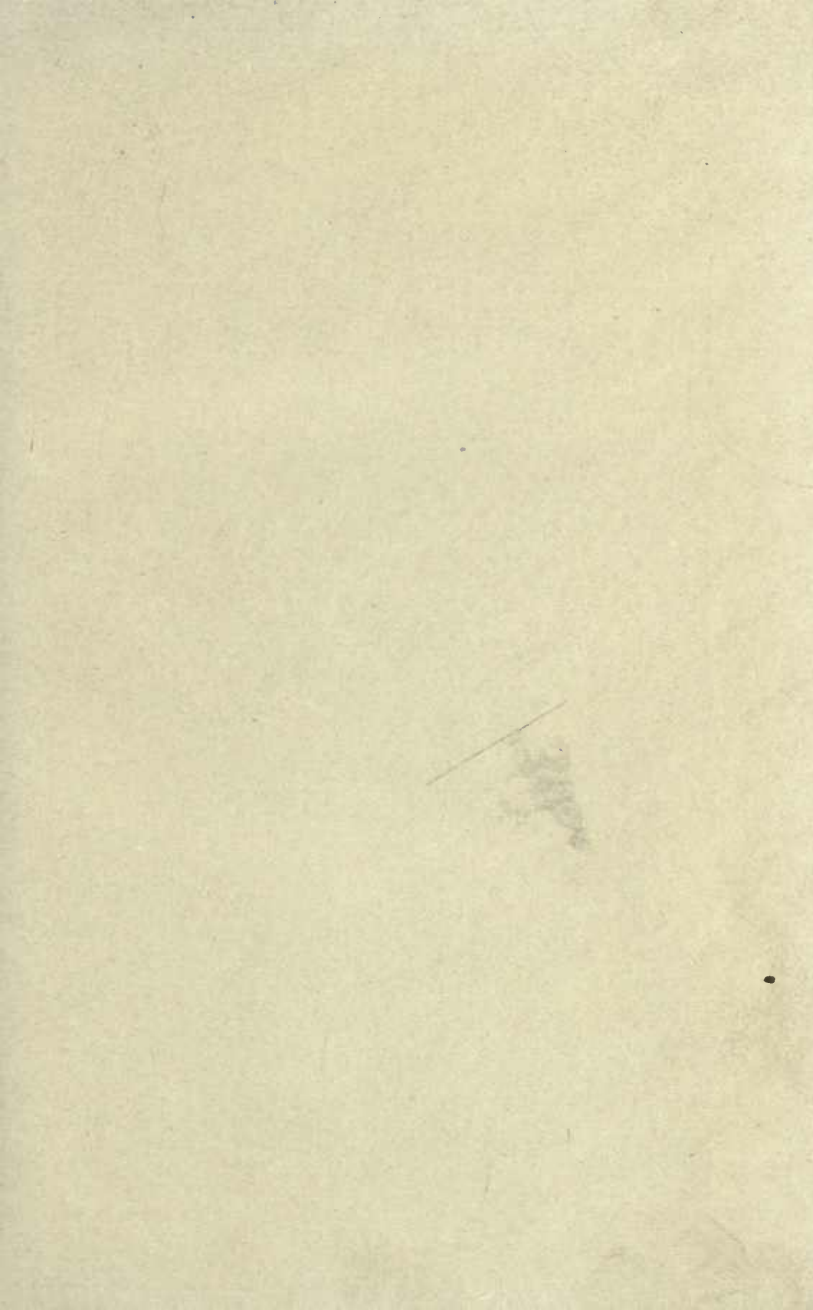
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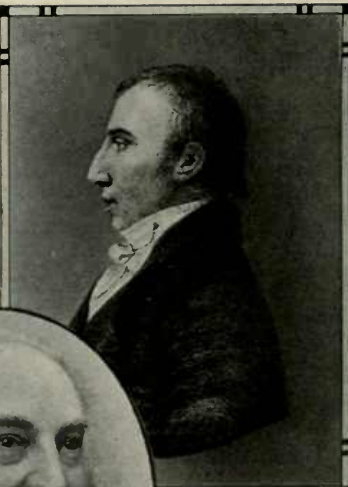
HOW TO
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OUR FARS

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Algernon
Swinburne



William
Wordsworth



W. Whitman



Oliver Goldsmith



Edward Gibbon.

HOW TO LENGTHEN OUR EARS

AN ENQUIRY WHETHER LEARNING FROM
BOOKS DOES NOT LENGTHEN THE EARS
RATHER THAN THE UNDERSTANDING

BY
VISCOUNT HARBERTON

AUTHOR OF
"SALVATION BY LEGISLATION"

LONDON
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1917

To be of no use belongs to the character of the
works of genius; it is their patent of nobility.

Schopenhauer.

PREFACE

THE main object of the Education Act, or one object, was, I believe, to equalise opportunities, and, by means of council scholarships, to enable the highest and the lowest to meet on equal terms. This favour was made compulsory lest any should miss it. Now look at the facts. In England, a pitch of civilisation has been reached never before equalled in this world. Yet, so far from learning proving valuable, a good mechanic will command better wages than a B.Sc., a schoolmaster, a master of arts, or a clerk in the Bank of England. By providing scholarships out of the rates, we have enabled the mechanic class to become bachelors of science, schoolmasters, or masters of arts. Yet those who fail to secure the scholarships, and avoid a prolonged course of book learning, secure better wages than those who succeed. The wage test is not everything, but it should not be disregarded. The aim of these pages is to show that we owe more to unlearned people than to the sons of learning, and that the whole education craze is a wicked mistake.

To do this in a readable form is not easy. But, suppose you wanted your child to become stupider than was intended by nature, how would you proceed? The best way, I fancy, would be to make the child learn to read as early as five years of age, and go to school at least $5\frac{1}{2}$ hours a day. This is now compulsory. Next, you might, by means of cheap publications and free libraries, do all that you could to make him spend every minute of his spare time in reading, till the feat had become a habit. This is now encouraged. On those lines, there is the best possible method of lengthening your child's ears, and my aim is to provide you with plenty of evidence that you would have every chance of succeeding beyond all reasonable expectations. My book commences with the great principle of aural development; after that, evidence is given of the actual process, followed by some typical developments; I then turn to a few of those who escaped or resisted education.

Civilisation owes much more to appliances than to books, and it seems monstrous that, to devote yourself to appliances, before the age of 14, instead of to books, is an offence at law. Our great thinker, Herbert Spencer, described the Education Acts as 'measures for the increase of stupidity,' and, though he need not necessarily be right, it seems going rather far to make such an opinion as his, if acted upon, a police court offence, rendering the whole family pretty certain of in-

carceration in an industrial school. The book brigade have always been cruel bigots.

It must not be thought that this book is an attack on my own class. Very much the reverse. The kind of brain that wins scholarships bears more resemblance to a tiller of the soil of persistent industry and energy, who has taken up books, than it does to the carelessness of mind found among the gentry. My opinion is that the upper classes are, as human beings, very superior to trade unionists, but they have paid far too much attention to men of learning, and mark-makers. Hence they have not yet shaken off an inherited tradition that books are better for the mind than handicraft. Why should not gentlemen of small means remedy this, and educate their children, from their earliest years, not in books, but by practical work in mechanical appliances, in mechanical forces, and in the properties of certain very ordinary chemical compounds?

It is generally considered that, the higher the price paid for the work, the more valuable the work is, and there is nothing ungentlemanly in doing valuable work. In which case, it will be our own fault if the less affluent of us cannot become well-paid mechanics and superior foremen, while trade unionists will become schoolmasters and bachelors of science and prattle of the universal advantages of books and learning, while receiving a considerably smaller wage than those who do without these advantages.

The trade unionist class are now forced to be in a council school, doing lessons, from 5 years of age to 14, and the age looks like being raised considerably. This is the gentleman's chance, for the education prowler only visits the homes of those in humble circumstances, and they cannot withstand him. If a cottager resents the intrusion, the education spy will report the home as dirty, and the father as mostly in the public-house, and the children will be packed off to an industrial school. The gentry have an enormous advantage here, for they can afford to boot the spy out, as he is well aware, consequently they could give their children a non-book education and start well ahead of the State-educated trade unionist. Such a course would be a great gain to the community, especially in extensive strikes. At present, superior people are book-educated and can do nothing except read, consequently they are at the mercy of those who become labour leaders backed by a party catering for their votes. In escaping the Education Acts, the superiors of small means can remedy this. The trade unionists will do the reading and have many letters after their names and secure the aural development, while the superiors regain their power. In this direction there is room for improvement.

LONDON, 1916.

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PART I

STATEMENT
OF THE
PROCEDURE

The shaping of all education into lessons is one
of the vices of the time. *Herbert Spencer.*

CHAPTER I

THE GREAT PRINCIPLE OF AURAL DEVELOPMENT]

I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding.

And, lo, it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down.

Thus I saw, and considered it well : I looked upon it and received instruction.

Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep :

So shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth ; and thy want as an armed man. *Proverbs* xxiv. 30-34.

In the older English, when schools and teachers were few and far between, the words 'educated' and 'uneducated' were comparatively rare, and to be 'with' or 'without understanding' seemed the phrase in use: cf. above, 'void of understanding.' The extreme simplicity, and also the beauty, of this quotation, is in some measure due to its belonging to a pre-book era. Men can,

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of course, think and ponder just as well without books as with them, and they apparently did so. From the nettles in the field, from the broken wall, the writer in *Proverbs* received instruction, and the thought comes home that a man might have plenty of understanding without ever having read a book in his life, while another might read a book a day without finding wisdom.

Take up any modern paper and you will see that, nowadays, 'uneducated' is used much as 'void of understanding' was in 1600, and that an 'educated' man is now supposed to signify a man who has got 'understanding.' So curious a misconception shows the power of words. The same cause has perpetrated an even more mischievous notion to the effect that an uneducated man needs improving, and that he must on no account be left alone or he will turn robber. There is no evidence for this, and the phrase used by our forefathers would prevent much misconception, to wit, *Daily Express*, May, 1916 :—

The demeanour of Bailey, Casement's fellow-prisoner, was in striking contrast. He wore a brown mackintosh over a brown check suit of rough material. *He has the blunt features of an uneducated peasant,* and his fair hair lay in confusion on his head.

Here you see the very common, but very mistaken notion, that an uneducated man cannot do enough thinking even to prevent him blunting his features. How about the *Proverbs* writer, pre-

viously quoted, who was certainly uneducated in the sense of being devoid of book-learning, yet he was not only a thinker but no mean poet? The *Daily Express* reporter might just as well have attributed the prisoner's features to his fair hair as to his lack of education. Cæsar's legions cannot have had much education, yet they had fine features; while a Roman nose would be an addition to Lord Haldane, notwithstanding his superb education. Red Indians are more distinguished in their noses than in books, and they cannot be said to have blunt features. Will a Jew cease to have a nose, unless he learns to read? The cause of our features is not to be found in books. Our Church is responsible for the further notion that, in addition to his blunt features, the uneducated man, without Bible teaching, will probably steal. This has been said for so many years that educated people believe it. An untaught, penniless man may be more likely to steal than a cultured man with a couple of thousand a year, but even that is not certain if it is worth the latter's while. The church doctrine proves what foolishness may be accepted, if it is told to us often enough while we are still young.

Surely no more unwarranted assumption could be made than that any system of book learning is going to give understanding, form features and produce a mind. The cause of all this is from within rather than from without, and Darwin's doctrine has been outrageously exaggerated. A

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man may be called educated after a nine years' course in a council school, but that is no reason why he should not have been made less intelligent than he would have been otherwise, which is generally the case. The current misconception arises from a false analogy derived from a mischievous phraseology. A man's understanding is almost, if not quite, independent of his education, and to confuse the two has become the folly of the day. As for moral incentive, if nettles and broken walls did not produce the desired effect, books certainly won't. The State, however, in accordance with scholastic stupidity, relies on book teaching alone, substituting for nettles and for broken walls, free schools, free libraries, churches, and old age pensions. This need not blunt the features but it will assuredly lengthen the ears. Let me explain.

Our educational system, as theorised, is the simplest thing in the world. Education, *i.e.* book learning, is asserted, entirely without proof, to yield a high rate of interest to the State. The subject is then closed, schools are built, teachers provided, scholarships supplied, attendance spies appointed, and the children are hounded in. Any one who objects is fined and imprisoned. Yet some think that a school curriculum framed for all, and suited to none, commenced directly a child can toddle to school, is an infallible recipe for making asses.

The standard statement of this great aural

principle reads thus:—Ignorant and uneducated persons are a source of danger to the State, in that they are unable to compete successfully with the better educated workmen of foreign countries, while, in internal concerns, their lack of education prevents them adequately understanding the questions of the day, or voting intelligently on the issues submitted to them.

The terms 'ignorant' and 'uneducated' are only applied to those unacquainted with books. A man whose knowledge is confined simply to books is considered educated and well-informed. A man, whose knowledge is confined to locks, will be considered ignorant and uneducated—until he takes up books. But the man, who reads books, need never understand locks, nor anything else, nor need he be able to do a single thing except read books. On that alone he stands confidently before the world, usually in a pair of *pince-nez*'s, as the legislative ideal, an 'efficiently' educated man.

Now, this great principle may have stood the test of time to the extent that we still have it with us. But, even supposing minds brought up on books to be desirable, their exact value has never been submitted to any practical test, nor substantiated in any way whatsoever. Your *pince-nez* 'efficient' is, in reality, what he looks, that is, no use. The type became compulsory in 1870, when learned men asserted that, owing to the continual lowering of the franchise from 1832

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to 1869, it was necessary for us to 'educate our masters.' That was what was said, and no one, apparently, thought of enquiring whether the highly educated brigade were specially noted for sense, or whether the more intense a man's education the more sensible he became, or whether there was any connection at all between the two. Owing to this omission, the education theory still stands where it did, and after an infliction of nearly fifty years, we can estimate for ourselves the full measure of wisdom contained in that perishing phrase, 'we must educate our masters.'

First of all, has any political question ever been submitted to the electorate in such a form that any education, in the accepted sense, was needed to comprehend it? The answer is 'No.' What happens is that something, without details, called Repeal of the Corn Laws, Protection, Home Rule, or England for the English, comes before the electorate mixed up with countless other matters of temporary or local interest, and the voter may, if he wishes, vote on the one issue alone. But whether an impecunious scholar is likely to do this any better than a sweep or a well-to-do butcher, however uneducated, is more than doubtful. In so far as national education affects the value of the vote given, it must, obviously, have the worst possible effect; for, if the voter is to have national education free, why education only? Why stop there? Why not everything else? This is exactly what has occurred. No modern poli-

tician ever thought of submitting Home Rule, Payment of Members, or Lloyd Georgian finance to a state-educated electorate, except accompanied by state meals for necessitous children, a state-made eight hours day and state-made old age pensions.

What an extraordinary way of improving the free and independent voter! Teach him to regard the State as universal provider and giver of all good gifts. Teach him not to work for anything but to vote for it. Who in the world can have originated so vicious a theory of the object and functions of government? Yet this is our direct heritage, free from all safeguards and limitations, invented, introduced and imposed upon us, not by ignorant people, but by our well-read, highly cultured, eminently learned 'intellectuals' and 'high-brows.' So much for Chapter I.

CHAPTER II

UNDEVELOPED EARS : IGNORANT FELLOWS

To all fools :—

Are you in favour of State Education ?

Most fools are.

J. Philpott (eight years certified teacher, Newcastle Council Schools).

FOR all practical purposes, it has been established by the law of England that not to know where Blenheim is, and who won it, is ignorance; but not to know how to repair a pneumatic tyre, or mend a gas-pipe, is not ignorance. Indeed, to some men, this last is a sign of being 'efficiently' educated, and even a scholar. Hence Blenheim is made compulsory from the age of five to fourteen; while gas-pipe mending is, between those ages, an offence at law during school hours; and at other hours, if done for money, it is a crime visited by heavy penalties on all concerned. Consequently anything practical, or likely to be of use, in other words, manual labour, stands by law condemned as something low, and better omitted, and rather resembling sin, which we may well be left to pick up for ourselves by ourselves, when and how we can.

Nevertheless, people exist, counted sane and allowed to dispose of their property, who refuse to consider a boy earning money at six as either a concentrated piece of animated sin, or ignorant, or uneducated, or a danger to the State, or a robber. They also refuse to consider a boy starting algebra at six, and never looking back, as being either a manifestation of corporate wisdom or an imperial asset. In their opinion, given no private means, an alert young job-hunter has taken the better road to improve his birth-right—a birth-right of inheriting nothing except what he can earn. Moreover this youngster is contributing to his home and keep, instead of, as now, being a constant source of worry and expense, entailing endless irritating, inquisitorial official visits, at morn, noon, and night, from hordes of education prowlers, licensed midwives, sanitary pests, inspectors, surveyors, spies, and that abomination of desolation, the medical officer of health. So, not allowed to help his own family, forbidden to work for money, hounded into school, messed about medically, pryed upon and manufactured to order, the unfortunate child sees in himself a sad domestic problem from five to fourteen; and, as Bernard Shaw more or less says, the sad domestic problem, of five to fourteen, retaliates by regarding himself as a serious social problem from fourteen to death. If this problem established itself by itself, for itself, and without state aid, we might ask it not to, or even say: 'Cease'; but when we have

it turned out for us compulsorily at the rate of one a minute, and at a cost of £40,000,000 a year on the rates and taxes, we may well regard the authors as enemies of the human race.

'Ah,' one of these well-meaning, well-eared creatures will exclaim, 'but would you have the next generation grow up in ignorance?' It depends on what you mean by ignorance, but if you refer to Blenheim, and old Caspar babbling in the sun (see Southey's poems), I would say: 'Yes.' Not that Caspar should become a police court offence. In a free country, prohibition is as out of place as is compulsion: we don't want either.

Some years ago, a distinguished writer pointed out that there was in reality no such thing as an uneducated man, nor could there be unless you, as it were, lassoed one young, and then kept him for ever after shut up in a cage by himself. Every one else has pleasure and pain continually at his elbow telling him what to do and what to avoid. These ceaseless monitors never leave him alone, and they have, in close attendance, experience, and also memory, 'that warder of the brain.' Every one, therefore, with eyes to see, and ears to hear, has a fairly accurate notion of what qualities and acquirements make for peace, quiet and comfort in the home, and what developments do otherwise. Can it be seriously argued that these considerations are better perceived, better worked out, better acted on, and better performed, if every child sits

cooped up in a stuffy council school for $5\frac{1}{2}$ hours a day for 9 years?

May not such a thralldom have the worst effect conceivable? Our older statesmen thought so. Lord Melbourne well said that big men were educated by circumstances, and that circumstances were the best education. State schools, he thought, might do in Germany, but he doubted the English submitting to such an infliction. To do the English justice, we never asked for this. The system was forced on us by 'intellectuals' and 'high-brows,' who are a miserable substitute for the old English stock of the pre-examination era.

The need of emphasising such considerations is due to the fact that nearly all our writing has been done by that singularly over-rated and inefficient type of mind, the scholastic, learned and literary. With this type of mind, man knows nothing unless he is taught it, or told it, or reads it in a book. With them, either naturally or by over-education, this may be true. But with mankind at large it is not true. None of us need to be taught to talk, or walk, or throw stones. A longing to do a thing, and the ability, in some degree, to do it, are parts of the same cause. Both the desire and the aptitude are mainly an inheritance, and to a large extent correlative. Yet the scholastics have taught and preached another tale so long, and so assiduously, that the real state of affairs is only guessed by a few people of an untaught and

rebellious nature. You may prevent a man unfolding and developing himself either properly or naturally. You cannot make him. Nevertheless the new system is collective development, by Boards, Imperial, Municipal and Urban District.

The board delusion was well parodied some years ago in a book called *The Feathered Emfranchisement* (Watts & Co.). In this book, the Education Board extended their attention to our birds. A Royal Commission was organised, with high salaries, and in due course, they reported that our birds were, for the most part, houseless and homeless, and had to find sleeping accommodation in hedges, trees, stacks, and roofs of houses or barns. Nests were built in the spring, true, but without adequate instruction or supervision. There were no teachers, and no young bird went through a course in the true principles governing correct nest construction. There were no roofs. Consequently, after a time, or, in inclement weather, in no time, few nests were fit for feathered habitation. Other regrettable features in bird life also existed. Sanitation was non-existent. An abominable system, too, prevailed in which both sexes were huddled together in one nest, which led to early intercourse of a regrettable nature, many young birds, particularly the metropolitan sparrows, being suspected of co-habiting before they had learnt to fly. The bird board then condemned all the nests in the country, and bird schools were built at the public expense. However, the

only scholar that arrived, presumably for instruction, was a disreputable cuckoo of a wild and dissipated appearance; the abandoned bird left an egg in the model nest and went out again. So the scheme fell through.

Athens originated this craze about education, and, though the Romans were too sensible to have much education themselves, a course at Athens was fashionable. Thus Horace: *Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis* (The countryman waits till the stream flows by). Did you ever hear such nonsense? A scholar might wait thus, but not a countryman. The latter, being nature-taught instead of book-taught, knows all there is to know about streams. He will tell you the time of day by the shadows from the bank; he will tell you, by the volume of water, the probability of floods in the low-lying meadows; and many other considerations will occur to him that your pallid student would have to be told. The countryman expecting the stream to run by indeed! Why, he would be 'in or over' while your city professor, or municipal scholar, was still in the nearest cow-shed, groping anxiously along the wall for a cock, or tap, with which to disconnect the supply and cut it off at the main.

Even in matters far removed from his calling, an untaught rustic will frequently put you to shame. A literary man of my acquaintance, a year or two ago, found the pipe of the petrol tank on his auto-wheel broken while he was far out in the country.

He turned off the tap, and, after the manner of 'efficiently' educated people, he waited—not for the road to go by—but for some one to come up. In due course, a rustic came along and the *littérateur* asked him the way to the nearest repairer. The rustic knew of none in the neighbourhood, but he appeared interested in the machine and asked what was wrong. The literary one showed him. The ignorant fellow then suggested that the literary one might bind the pipe up. This had never occurred to the *littérateur*, though he knew some Greek and Latin and geometry and algebra, and his French was understood by most of the waiters on the Riviera. However the literary one, seeing that the ignorant one appeared more practically intelligent than he was, handed him his repair outfit, and the ignorant one bound up the pipe, while the *littérateur* marvelled at him. The ignorant man did the job so well that it took the literary man almost into the nearest town, where he had it repaired by another man of scant education. Whom do you consider the ignorant one there? The man of culture or the man of ignorance? Why not leave the uneducated man alone? What's the matter with him? Do you want him to recite Homer to you? Do you want him to speak purer grammar to his cows? And would the beasts understand him? May I measure your ears? Which work with the tape measure concludes Chapter II.

CHAPTER III

DEVELOPED EARS : MEN OF LEARNING

When I hear of those portents of learning and their imposing erudition, I sometimes say to myself : Ah, how little they must have had to think about to have been able to read so much ! *Schopenhauer*.

So much has been said and written in favour of study and learning that these things seem gifts which we should be content to regard with admiration and give thanks for. The time has come to enquire the grounds for this attitude.

As far as can be seen, a learned man hopes to impress people with his value to the community by adding as many letters as possible after his name. A learned man thus denotes his class or species. Every batch of letters after his name represents a degree of some kind, and every degree—other than honorary—testifies to his having passed a stiff examination in certain definite subjects. Now, in what way does this improve a man, and give to his opinion the authority that the learned trade union consider to be its due ?

Regarding the matter without bias, or any predisposition in favour of men of learning, what

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merit can there be in passing an examination? The possession of a degree, to my mind, guarantees the existence of a class of subjects on which a man is certified never to have thought for himself, but to have answered questions in the spirit and letter in which he had been previously taught. Those subjects then become to him closed, and, whatever else he may think about subsequently, he is not going to reopen those subjects. Why should he? He is already certified as an authority thereon, which might no longer be the case if he abandoned or questioned the premises on which he received his degrees. A degree is a label constituting a man's creed and credentials. You can hardly expect the goods to question their own label.

Thus every degree represents a mind closed on certain subjects. The more letters behind a man's name, the more subjects on which his mind is closed. This is highly prized in scholastic circles, where the process is termed 'opening' the mind by education. But, whether because a mind thus favoured is 'opened' to such an extent that everything falls out, or whether because a mind thus favoured has been 'closed' in so many directions that nothing can get in, the fact remains that the more letters there are after a man's name, the fewer subjects there are on which he is worth talking to, and any excessive assortment of letters simply means that the man is not worth talking to on any subject at all. Cf. Sir Wm. Osler, F.R.S., F.R.C.P., M.D., Hon. D.Sc. Oxo.; LL.D. McGill,

Toronto, Aberdeen, Edinburgh, Yale, Harvard, Johns Hopkins, Liverpool *and* Leeds Universities; D.C.L. Trin. Univ. Toronto; Gulstonian Lecturer, London; Clinical Professor, Penna; Medicine Professor, McGill; Regius Medicine Professor, Oxo.; Medicine Professor, Johns Hopkins. Consequently he is entitled, among other distinctions, to ten LL.D.'s. This alone works out to thirty letters and exceeds all the letters of the alphabet. Aurally, one of the best! Yet——!

As long as triposes and honour schools were in dead languages, mathematics and theology, or anything remotely connected with practical life, some of the inherent idiocy of the system escaped notice. In an industrial age, senior wranglers, senior classics and doctors of divinity soon demonstrated themselves as quaint creatures without any market value. Then the teaching trade union clamoured for fresh fields of intellectual talent in the shape of examinations in more up-to-date requirements. So far, finance, farming and flying have escaped, but modern languages, modern literature, and every delusion called science, were 'roped in' at once, with professors, instructors, examiners, schools, courses and honours.

A man who has taken honours in the modern language tripos is considered *ipso facto* 'ear-marked' as being able to talk and teach French, Italian and German; he ranks as a capable linguist and may be used as an interpreter. Who could be better? How can any one, it is asked, know lan-

guages until he has been taught ? How otherwise can he acquire a vocabulary from the best authors, with a knowledge of irregular verbs, genders, and a correct construction of foreign sentences ? That is the tale, and I have known a man called a French scholar on the grounds that he read Molière in the original, quoted La Bruyère and knew many interesting details concerning the life of Condorcet. On the other hand, a child of twelve, the daughter of a jockey, and brought up on the Continent, could speak French more fluently and was more consistently understood by the natives.

Now take an Italian waiter in a London restaurant. No one has taught him languages. He has passed no examinations in languages. He has picked them up. If he and the aforementioned jockey's daughter entered together for the modern language Tripos at Cambridge, the examiners would 'spin' both of them at once without a moment's hesitation. The Italian waiter would be 'spun' even in Italian, owing to his carelessness in spelling and grammar, and his lack of information regarding the comparative merits of Ariosto, Alfieri and Tasso, together with their dates and birthplaces. I refuse to believe that an Italian waiter does not know Italian. I also consider him to be a better linguist than the examiner ever dreamt of being. Take the waiter's French. He understands everything that passes as French in France, or out of it : Vienna French, Milan French, Paris French, Street French, Revue French, your

French, my French, and also that of an angry and inebriated Russian talking Moscow French. An Italian waiter is a very fine linguist indeed, the admiration of the civilised world; and—the tripos fellow isn't. Why, if the Army had had their messing and their mess-waiting done by Italian waiters, we should have needed no interpreters at the front, nor in Salonica, and we should have saved a great deal of money in messing. No Italian waiter even went to an L.C.C. cookery class, and yet he could safely be backed to run a restaurant against all the L.C.C. experts alive. Consequently, whatever examinations may do for aural development, there are better means of producing cooks and linguists. The system is sinfully wasteful; cf. the following:—

Daily Express, June, 1916

Sir James Roberts, Bart., of Saltaire, Yorks., has offered £10,000 to the University of Leeds for the foundation and maintenance of a Professorship of the Russian Language and Literature, and the gift has been gratefully accepted by the University Council.

I, however, say if you would speak Russian, go to Russia; if you would read Russian, buy a translation.

The root of the examination craze is so strong a growth that, in May, 1916, a lusty young Cambridge examiner, well qualified to serve as a soldier and not absolutely without training, was excused

military service by his tribunal on the extraordinary grounds that an impending Tripes could not take place without him. And what of it? No great loss. Possibly a very good job. As if passing an examination guaranteed performance!

The scholastic theory, as to the close kinship between wisdom and learning, took firm root here in the long period when Latin was, to some extent, our official language. Inscriptions on books, doorways, arches, churches, colleges, tombs, gateways and statues were all in Latin, and, though not very many people understood them, the teaching profession maintained the practice by saying that only uneducated errand-boys, and vulgar people, scribbled inscriptions in any other way or in any other tongue. Even now *salve* is to be seen on door-mats, *requiescat in pace* on tombs, Roman numerals on official buildings, and either Latin phraseology, or *u* written as *v*, on Admiralty arches. All of which is rather silly, and, with Roman Numerals, a sad waste of time and money, except during particular years such as c. (100). *Punch* had a picture, a few years ago, representing the delight of the natives in having *Magna Charta* read to them in the original. In the picture, they were enjoying it hugely. Nothing gives the scholastic mind so much pleasure as putting on canonicals to read out to you, with great solemnity, something in an unknown tongue, which you do not understand at all, and which they themselves understand but imperfectly. Uneducated people,

except in *Punch*, were never enamoured of this practice.

However, scholastic influence thrived all through the long period, when law and religion were in Latin, and when there were practically no books except those in Greek or Latin, and when the authors of Greece and Rome were regarded as the only source of knowledge and culture. Accordingly, since this source of information and knowledge could only be approached and appreciated by men of considerable learning, a connection was established between wisdom and learning, and also between ignorance and sin—very wrongly, of which anon—and all learned people were rumoured to be not only good, but also exceedingly wise and clever. And there was no *prima facie* reason why they should not have been so. Appearances were in their favour. Probability was not against them. Enormous books copied out ornamentally and in curious caligraphy by industrious monks, and lodged in inaccessible buildings in monasteries, suggested big things in the heads of those who perused them. Then the stray Latin quotations, that filtered down to ordinary ears and became popular, contained the wisdom and experience of ancient civilisations condensed in an epigrammatic form, and these quotations were both in shape and matter incomparably above such thoughts as we had yet had means or opportunity to make for ourselves. The scholars then had the time of their lives. To pore over abstruse books

was the hall-mark of a great mind, and the more energy and zeal they displayed in this direction, and the more authors they had read, the greater their reputation for wisdom and the more highly they were esteemed. There can be no doubt that the more eminent of them, before they died, had read, as barbarians say, the hell of a lot, or at all events a very great deal. Not that it did them much good. For, though learning wise words and repeating wise words may be mistaken for wisdom, the two things are quite distinct, as indeed time was to show. And, if this fact has not been amply established by all the true traditions of scholarship and learning, then, I say, scholarship and learning have simply achieved nothing, the things might as well not have been, and all that midnight oil has been burnt in vain.

Nevertheless, when you first hear the weighty observations of men reported deeply learned, and looking preternaturally wise, and often in canonicals, who tell you of the condensed wisdom of past ages, and who read out pages of it to you in an unknown tongue, and who occasionally translate a few morsels to you lest you become sceptical of the whole, you may be pardoned in ranking them as Solons. This is what happened. Hence the mediæval mania of encouraging learning by founding Henry VII colleges and Tudor schools, endowed with foundation scholarships. Probably not a single man of any real use to us has ever taken one of those prizes. Our Drakes, Shake-

speares, Hampdens, Cromwells, Humes, Burkes, Brights, Bradlaughs and H. Spencers, not to mention Watts and Stephensons, don't win scholarships. And even if one or two second-raters, now forgotten, may have succeeded, there is no proof that they might not have done better and been better men without these anti-thought endowments.

Cujusvis hominis est errare; nullius, nisi insipientis, in errore perseverare (any man may commit a mistake; but none, except a fool, will continue in it), was one of Cicero's observations that our wise men may have read but failed to appreciate. The error of Henry VII is no excuse for council scholarships out of the public pocket all over the country. The best men are taxed to provide scholarships for others to win. Many unfortunates, inventors and others, might have weathered their ill luck had they not had to keep several scholars alive as well as themselves. That is indeed an ass endowment act of the first water.

What we have to ask ourselves is whether we are so enamoured of this mediæval mistake that we wish to perpetuate it for ever. We should ask ourselves what there is so valuable about scholars that they should become compulsory; we should earnestly ask ourselves whether we intend to give the scholastics a new lease of life, and one of a particularly deep-seated and far-reaching order, exceeding that of the divines, commencing at five years of age and which prac-

26 STATEMENT OF THE PROCEDURE

tically none of us will be able to escape. Can it be that we men of the twentieth century are going to allow our scholastics—a peculiarly narrow-minded, dull-witted race—to rank their one wretched, petty, mean, miserable, contemptible aptitude as evidencing the whole content and essence of human capacity, ‘in that summed up, in that contained’? Every administrative post throughout the Empire is being confined more and more to minds that can display a distorted faculty for reading and remembering what they are told, instead of judging for themselves what they care to read or remember. Fancy men like Warren Hastings or Cecil Rhodes, or Charles Bradlaugh, or William Whiteley, or any of us, having our capacities ranked and estimated by the senior examiner at Whitehall! ‘Tis blasphemy on ‘man’s divinity’ and also on the Creator—if he’s alive. Marie Corelli says he’s dead.

Yet, since the scholastic mind, which is essentially canonical, has managed to acquire complete control in moulding the minds of the next generations, and estimating capacities, and setting the papers by which the capacities are to be judged, and also in marking and selecting them, it has come to pass that what is in reality an absorbent, spongy, servile, unoriginal, unenterprising, and rather pig-headed mental development, has been pushed up and up till it has become the accepted standard recognised as desirable in all public departments. Hence endless officials and official

regulations imposed upon their betters by inferior people who have always accepted at sight the opinion of those 'qualified to judge,' and who, without a murmur, allowed ecclesiastics to talk to them of the 'sin of doubt.' Those are the minds that make the marks. Those are the minds that win the scholarships. Those are the minds that get the public jobs. Those are the minds that cost us £40,000,000 a year out of the rates and taxes. Those are your lads of promise. Do we want them?

It seems incredible that any one should ever have thought an examination paper, except in joke, to be a test for capacity. If you want something done, why should you imagine that the man who makes the marks can do the job? Private businesses have never adopted the examination system, nor done more than turn it over tentatively, at a distance, with a barge pole, before having it carted away and buried. It is nowhere to be seen except in government offices. Foremen in shops, foremen in factories, clerks in private banks, engine-drivers, skilled mechanics, and motor-men pass no examination papers. They are not judged on the scholastic system, by examinations, but on the natural system, by results. So with butlers, stud-grooms, chauffeurs, game-keepers and gardeners. Private employers set no examination papers. Under the L.C.C the gardeners in the London parks have to pass examinations in the L.C.C. educational curriculum. Why? So in the Army,

where an exceptionally good N.C.O. was 'spun' for spelling *ammunition* with three *m*'s. The excellent fellow probably thought there couldn't be too many *m*'s in a matter of that kind. Wherefore some miserable meddler at Whitehall, who can do nothing himself except pass examinations, deprives us of one of our best men. So with the Police, so in the Navy. Moreover, the only practical effect of scholarships on the rates is that scholars may now be seen as waiters, and as cloak-room attendants. They do it alright, yes, but they might have done better for themselves if you had left them alone.

The seat of wisdom, in the long run, is invariably found, not in books but in men who work, though, should they sit in libraries and cease to be unlearned, they would doubtless, there and then, become just as stupid as our men of learning. The scholastic misconception, embodied in schools and colleges, arose primarily from the now exploded practice of seeking advice from elderly men with full white beards who had adopted wisdom as a pose and who spent their time poring over massive volumes in out-of-the-way spots amid uncomfortable surroundings. These asinines illusive were known according to their epoch, as sages, seers, elders, fathers, patriarchs, prophets or oracles. The type, in its decadence, may still be seen among us as first lords of the treasury at £5,000 a year, as lord chancellors at £10,000 a year, and as archbishops of Canterbury at £15,000 a year. But

where we pay salaries out of our own pockets, for work done and value received, instead of traditionally and by compulsion, the tendency of the day is not to have much use for learned old men.

The order of events, culminating in the aural development of the masses, appears to have commenced with an over-valuation of the sage, socratic and senile. His position in England was greatly strengthened by the accidental effect of Latin as our official tongue. A natural but quite unwarrantable veneration was felt for those who wrote and read in the official language and declaimed impassionately on the masterpieces of Greece and Rome. Hence Henry VII colleges, Tudor endowments, universities, countless examinations and anti-thought grants, followed by boards of education, council schools and attendance officers to hound in the scholars. Nevertheless these pages will show, and prove to the hilt, that the only effect of book learning is a lengthening of the ears, and, should our race determine on this development, nothing is simpler; all we need to do is to Educate, Educate, Educate.

PART II

*EVIDENCE
OF
DEVELOPMENT*

Even the poor student studies and is taught political economy . . . the consequence is that while he is reading Adam Smith, Ricardo, and Jay, he runs his father into debt irretrievably.

H. D. Thoreau.

CHAPTER IV

EARS OF THOUGHT

Were knowledge, property, freedom, reputation, friends, sought only at the dictation of the intellect, then would our investigations be so perpetual, our estimates so complex, our decisions so difficult, that life would be wholly occupied in the collection of evidence and the balancing of probabilities. *H. Spencer.*

HAVING now stated the principle of aural development, and having glanced generally at ears developed and undeveloped, it is, one hopes, evident that a man need not be wise and good because he reads books or an idiot and a robber because he doesn't. My object is to go further, and to enquire whether there is any evidence that highly-educated people might have been less bigoted and more sensible if they had never been to school, and whether there is any evidence that the thinking faculty is disimproved by collective education, competitive examinations and degrees.

Plenty of people are of opinion that sending a child to school, before it is ten, is bad for the child's brain. Why then did the education zealots make school compulsory at five? What possible evidence can they produce in support of so monstrous a tyranny? None. This consideration

proves that an intense education, such as has been the portion of our education zealots, does not promote a respect for the liberty of private judgment ; in other words, it produces bigotry.

Secondly, assuming the judgment of education zealots regarding books to be correct, how do they account for the fact that the authors, whose praises they acclaim loudest, are the authors who had the fewest books to study, who were brought up on the fewest books and who never did examination papers? For instance, if, as experts assert, Homer and Virgil are poets of such excellence that all should read them, this is evidence that study does not assist epic poetry, for these poets certainly had few masters to copy, and whether either of them went to school is exceedingly doubtful. The same reasoning applies to Plato, and, in but a slightly less degree, to Aristotle, yet these two sages are supposed to have ruled the world of thought since the dawn of history, and some consider them to be still supreme. Yet whom did they study? Where were their degrees? If, as so many maintain, the Bible is still the best book in the world, why is it that the writers of the Old Testament belonged to the pre-school and pre-book era? Why is it that the authors of the Gospels can produce nothing more learned than Luke, a Jerusalem doctor, at a period when a Jerusalem doctor cannot have known much? Mark was the son of 'a certain Mary,' father unknown; John was a fisherman; and Matthew a publican,

a rate-collector speaking the Syriac Chaldean vernacular. Four more uncultured writers are difficult to select. There were exceedingly few English plays to serve as models when Shakespeare wrote his; he was, moreover, the son of a butcher, yet many consider him the best playwright that ever existed. The same argument applies to the Greek dramatists. Thespis, B.C. 535, was, perhaps, the first man to write a play as distinct from a recitation given or chanted by a chorus. Thespis introduced one actor, mainly to rest the chorus, and this actor gradually played many parts. Æschylus in B.C. 499, introduced two actors, and Sophocles some thirty years later introduced three actors. Neither Æschylus nor Sophocles, judged by the masters they had studied, can be called qualified dramatists. Epictetus, the great Stoic philosopher, began life as a slave. Plautus, whose plays are the delight of so many 'high-brows,' was originally in the service of some actors and subsequently employed by a baker. He was born B.C. 224.

To come to ourselves, such writers as Burns, Bunyan and Thomas Hardy must have owed nothing to education. Yet, if some one said that *The Mayor of Casterbridge* was the finest novel in the world, I should not care to contradict him. Nor can it be argued that Omar Khayyam (born about 1066) owed much to study. Nevertheless, as rendered by Fitzgerald, he is the extraordinary combination of poet and philosopher. In addition

to this, nearly all our great inventors have been people of little education, and hardly one of them ever studied or took honours in a university. Consequently, when Lord Haldane asserts that we are losing our Watts and Stephensons by insufficient education, elementary and secondary, there seems more reason to argue that we are losing them by over-education and continuation classes and by diverting their aptitudes into something different and less useful, *i.e.* the 'pince-nez efficient' mentioned in Chapter I. We might lose a Parr or Porson by insufficient education, but not a Watt or Stephenson.

If the aim of education is to produce thought and reflection and to improve the thinking faculty, the next chapter will give plenty of evidence that this result has not been achieved. The effect of much reading is to prompt a man to try and remember what has been said, and to accept an authority, and to be annoyed with those who presume to have an opinion without having read the authorities. An uneducated man appears to me to make more use of what brain he has than a man of culture, and, *ceteris paribus*, my impression is that the less book education we had in youth, the better our minds would work subsequently.

Nowadays, a doctrine is rammed into every young mind that thought, or reflection, is the guide, originator, and instigator of all we do, and that reading books promotes valuable thoughts. I doubt this. The conviction grows on me that

thought, except among geniuses, arises more by doing something practical about which we reflect subsequently. If this is so, our thinking faculties might be more assisted by manual labour than by reading books. Schopenhauer goes so far as to say that nothing is so fatal to thought as continuous reading, and that the sure way to have no thoughts is to pick up a book whenever you have nothing to do; moreover in manual labour your mind can, to a certain extent, follow its own train of thought. One might go further still. There are plenty of minds who might read all the best authors at their own convenience and yet never be led to think at all; but, when they are doing something practical, their mind is alive and on the watch, and afterwards they think about it, and how to do better, and they discover small improvements and inventions. The longer you mis-feed such a mind on books, the more you lessen its natural ardour, and after a nine years' course of five hours a day in a council school, what remains of the remnant spark has struggled and gone out. That is a sinful way of lengthening the human ear against its owner's wishes. Nor are such minds exceptional.

Sir Hiram Maxim is said to have been out shooting on one occasion with an old rifle which kicked so badly that he could not abide the idea of such a deal of mis-spent force being wasted. He thus conceived the principle of his maxim gun. He might have read all the books connected with

rifles by all the best authors, and illustrated, but without having had any particular principle brought home to him. In fact, if a man had only read books, and never done anything practical, he might be incapable of thought, as is the case with our scholars.

Literary men and authors are notoriously bad in all practical affairs, with the exception of such minds as Herbert Spencer and Schopenhauer, who are, however, in a class by themselves, which appears less than once in a hundred years and is absolutely superhuman.

Statesmen who have written books, or been reputed lovers of literature, have not, omitting Burke, left many wise words or weighty principles behind them, nor has their conduct been superior to other men's; cf. lately, Macaulay, Disraeli, Balfour, Haldane, Morley and Birrell, of whom anon. On the whole, Sir Robert Walpole and John Bright seem the best of their respective eras. Sir Robert Walpole was a non-reader, and John Bright openly confessed that he could not tackle the 'hundred best books,' which caused Charles Kingsley and Matthew Arnold to shake their heads and turn up their eyes to heaven in horror. Sir Hiram Maxim, I fancy, had not partaken of that literary feast. The effect of continuous reading may make you a judge of the merits of Browning's poetry, but what is the object of this, and why is it better than being a judge of reversible detonators, of bi-concave valvular disks or even of vintage

port? Books lengthen the ears, and I refuse to believe that the longer the ear the better the chap.

As far as can be seen, most of what we do is done without conscious thinking, so, even if conscious thought were improved by books, the actual gain might be very slight. For instance, thinking has little to do with hand-writing, shaving or using tools of any kind. Again, suppose you have to wheel a bicycle backwards out of some congested shop or shed, you will find you never think at all. You take hold of the handles and waggle the machine about, or pull it backwards and forwards a few times to get the direction, and the matter proceeds without your knowing exactly why, and sometimes when it hardly looked possible. Some do this better than others, but none think, and none can tell you what they did, except some horrible person who read it up first and found out what he did afterwards. These men become teachers, and teach you the great aural system of reading about a thing first, instead of doing it first and thinking how to improve on this subsequently.

If a bicycle-pump, or something of that kind refuses to work, you may see a cultured person, of aural development, study both ends of it, and reflect and ponder, and attempt to understand what is the cause of the mishap, and he seems to forget that even if he found out he would, in all probability, be no better off than he was before. Accordingly, he wastes a certain amount of time

quite uselessly. An ordinary person, of little education, in similar circumstances, hardly ever does this. He starts at once twisting the pump about, and tries numerous little things to make it act, and for no very definite reason, yet often successfully, otherwise he gives it up. He does not think—not consciously.

Machinery seems to have some innate power of correcting itself and running straight again. It is not a matter to think about at the time. Like a refractory woman, it has to be humoured, and patted affectionately, or tapped tentatively with a hammer, but not kicked. Those best at this process never think.

Accordingly, it seems rather curious, nay, pathetic in a mechanical age, to hear, as one of the reasons for compulsory education, that the newcomer would not be able to cope with the intricacies of our various mechanical appliances until his mind had been ‘opened’ by books, and his reflective powers stimulated by culture and secondary education. This, as has been here explained, is a fallacy, for our mechanical instincts resemble those of the lower creation, including insects, and, so far from being stimulated by bookwork, they are hampered by book work and set in a wrong direction. All we can do is to think about things afterwards, which animals cannot. An early familiarity with mechanical appliances of all kinds would do far more for this instinct than a long course of lessons in the deadening

atmosphere of a council school. Surely the best way to make a good carpenter is not by means of geography, history or books on carpentry? Let the child be frequently in a carpenter's shop, and sometimes at work there, which is now a serious offence. Children are true simians and instinctively copy the best style at work and at play. To put them to books instead is a ridiculous thing to do, for childhood is the time when instinctive faculties are developed and when we acquire the knack of doing things without thinking about them first, which is the only way to do a thing well. Energetic minds resent being taught,—these minds want to commence 'right away' and the instinct is a healthy one.

In a game-playing nation, an analogy from games may be to the point. Do we, in games, think how to do every stroke? Probably, at the time, we should never think at all, and the best way for us can only be found by actually playing and subsequently recognising our limitations for future guidance. To read books by a champion first would not be the right way for any one, and for a clumsy person it would be the worst system possible. I remember, in my youth, asking the late William Renshaw, lawn tennis champion, whether he put up his thumb along the handle of his racquet in taking 'back-handers,' hoping, I suppose, to miss fewer myself by doing as he did. He, however, said that he wasn't sure, and he made some imaginary passes in the air, but with-

out solving the problem. Eventually, a racquet was given him and he played several imaginary strokes with much natural grace, which, of course, was unconscious. He then told me that he didn't put up his thumb, as a rule, but he might do so for one or two particular strokes.

This always stuck in my memory, for so many game-players nowadays are inclined to know too much about what they do and they claim to play with the head. They then support compulsory schools. Luckily for themselves, however, they don't play with the head really, or they wouldn't win.

Remembering all this, I was quite horrified to hear of a soldier 'spun' in some examination in which he had been asked to explain on paper how to clean the ordinary magazine rifle. He asked to have a rifle brought him, and, on this being negatived, he refused to answer the question. My heart went out to the man as a stout fellow and one of the right sort. What, he argued, could be more stupid than to ask a man to explain how to clean a rifle without putting a rifle in his hands so that he could show you how to clean it? His view is sound. The literary man is the opposite. He likes plenty of paper, but he does not like the actual job. This he would leave to you. The performer, the man who can do things, handles a rifle with the instinct of a mother; he will show you how to clean it, or anything else, in practice, but not on paper. Exams. are not

for him. Think, too, of Renshaw. If Renshaw had been asked to explain the art of tennis on paper, without a racquet in his hand, I doubt many having realised that he was our champion.

The card game of Bridge is a good example of how little quick decisions have to do with conscious mental effort. Fancy if you selected Bridge players by an examination in Bridge. Why, the man who made the most marks might easily lose the most rubbers. And yet, in many departments of life, we have examinations which are quite as unsuitable as they would be in cards. Even in Macaulay's favourite test of Cherokee verses, a mind might know all the metres and all the rules, and yet make a miserable hash of a bright national anthem suited to Cherokee requirements.

Wherefore, in our mechanical age, a council school seems the worst place in the world to develop mechanical instincts. Will a mechanical genius ever win a scholarship? Scholars may think with their ears, but other types think with their hands. No two aptitudes are more dissimilar than mechanical aptitudes and scholarly aptitudes, and a system of state scholarships, adapted for the latter only, is as wicked a principle as was ever conceived. Herbert Spencer shows that there is a connection in the scheme of things between what is right and what pays. Our politicians, however, state that such and such a system is 'productive of good results,' quite apart from whether it is just or unjust. But what is

unjust will not be 'productive of good results'—not for long. This aspect of things should be brought home to us by the Church, who, however, for some reason or other, clamour for more compulsion, more scholars and more Bible teaching in the council schools. All Churchmen have been highly educated and have achieved aural development—need I say more?

It would be a curious commentary on our educational system if, in the future, a tame barbarian, a performer, a man who didn't think, was a part of the establishment in all well-regulated households. From the dawn of history, a resident boarder, paid to supply the principal deficiency of the time, seems to have been the practice of our exceedingly practical nobility. First it was a blind harper, then a bard, then a jester, then a chaplain, then a notary, and lastly a private secretary who could spell. A capable, resident, non-thinking barbarian seems indicated as their successor. He would be employed for cultivating the decaying faculty of instinctive thought with the hands as opposed to reflective or book thought with the ears.

The nett result of the craze for compulsory schools and compulsory culture, in the future, may be the arrival on our shores of foreign missionaries, in the shape of young Sikhs and well-bronzed Zulus, engaged by the State as teachers to develop the lost art of relying on direct perception rather than on the cognition of co-ordinated

conceptions. Possibly, one day, a lightly-clad Zulu professor will be as common an institution in the best houses as a French governess used to be, and one more popular with the girls. His art would be the faculty of doing as opposed to the faculty of knowing. However, we shall have lost all our open championships before anything of the kind occurs.

The ears of thought, nurtured on books, have been the victims of a vicious delusion which men engaged in manual labour might perhaps have avoided. The well-read 'high-brows' noticed that a clerk received higher wages than a labourer. They assumed that the reason of this was because a clerk's attainments were more valuable to the community than those of the labourer. Consequently, by forcing everybody up educationally to the clerk's level, the whole community, they imagined, would rise in value. Nothing of the sort, of course, occurred. The reason why clerks received better wages than labourers was not because of their value, but because the clerk supply was not unlimited and because a certain initial outlay was needed to produce him. Directly the State provided a supply of potential clerks by free compulsory State Education, the clerk attainments were reduced to the level of unskilled labour, and nowadays a chauffeur or a well-to-do mechanic is far better off than a clerk. The injustice of the procedure is outrageous, but reading books never made men just.

Take another aspect. If the brain, as Schopenhauer shows, is but a servant of the will or character, then State Education, even if it discovered a brain, would leave out the far more important part of the person behind the brain.

And why should a love of books be supposed to show brain? The real fact is the reverse, and the better the brain, the fewer the books you can read. Herbert Spencer had hardly read any books at all, and he employed sundry readers to look up references for him. By the time you are thirty-five, you will find very few writers worth reading. If you are dull enough, whole libraries are at your service, and at any age. And that is the way to lengthen your ears.

CHAPTER V

EARS OF HISTORY

It is to a mechanical instinct found in many men, and not to philosophy, that most arts owe their origin. . . . One would not conclude that the business of the most enlightened ages and the most learned bodies is to argue and debate on things invented by ignorant people.

Voltaire.

THE object of this chapter is to enquire how far learning from books has exploded superstitions, swept away fallacies, decreased tyranny, improved understanding, furthered personal freedom and combined individualism with a sense of justice. The valuable effects of book education must be mainly imaginary unless they are clearly traceable in all these things. Men of learning and letters are so confident on the subject that their principal object, of late years, has been to increase the output of themselves, by rates and taxes, until no one is too poor to become a learned man. Surely something is wrong somewhere if, for generation after generation, the most promising of the descendants of those who have 'got on,' selected for their attainments by scholastic experts, and aided by degrees to give weight to their utterance,

did not so stagger the world with the width of their wisdom that we have little left to do beyond sorting it out, classifying it, labelling it and bottling it up for future use and reference. Cellars of it have been left behind all over the place, particularly in the Bodleian library and in the British Museum, and scarcely a page has had any sort of effect or made any one any wiser or better. No religious liberty has been obtained from books, nor personal freedom, nor justice, and the gentleman who burnt the Alexandrian library may have been a very sensible fellow, and a benefactor of his race. Now for the evidence.

Appropriately enough, at just about the time when our learned men thrust free education upon the public and made it compulsory, a work was published in four volumes which might well have been called, *An Account of the Errors Maintained and Persisted in by Learned Men from Caesar to Victoria*. The work, in fact, did for the wise what collectors of popular fallacies and common errors have purported to do for the vulgar. It gave an account of all the nonsense accepted as sense by the 'intellectuals' and 'high-brows' of Europe for the past 2,000 years, and it conclusively proved that, for all practical purposes, the people who read and study do not become any wiser than those who work. Unfortunately the author had no such object in view ; which, in many ways, is a pity.

The first two volumes of this work were called :

The History of European Morals; the second two volumes were called: *The Rise and Influence of Rationalism in Europe*. Lecky's is so gentle and lovable a disposition that it seems almost a sin to point the conclusion that he so unaccountably missed, or to use his labours for a purpose which he would have been the first to regret. With some authors, particularly with Macaulay, this would have been most enjoyable. But let us get on with our task, and ask how far ignorance or lack of education was responsible for the accepted superstitions of Rome.

Through the entire duration of pagan Rome, it was regarded as an unquestionable truth, established by the most ample experience, that prodigies of various kinds announced every memorable event, and that sacrifices had the power of arresting and mitigating the calamity. In the Republic, the Senate itself officially verified and explained the prodigies. In the Empire, there is not an historian, from Tacitus down to the meanest writer in Augustan history, who was not convinced that numerous prodigies foreshadowed the death and accession of every sovereign, and every catastrophe that fell upon the people. Cicero could say with truth that there was not a single nation of antiquity . . . which did not admit the existence of a real art enabling men to foretell the future. *Lecky: European Morals*, vol. i., p. 363.

None of these beliefs originated with uneducated people nor had uneducated people any essential connection with them. The various forms of pagan belief were standardised by the Royal College of

Augurs, the Royal College of Pontiffs and the ancient order of Haruspices (entrail inspectors), and if an uneducated person seemed sceptical he would be referred, as to-day, to the practices of all civilised nations and told not to expose his ignorance. The prodigies 'officially verified' by the Senate included watching how the sacred chickens crossed the road—note the word, 'included,' for there were plenty of others. A report was also issued on the entrails of the birds and beasts sacrificed to the gods, which report was based on the technical findings of the Haruspices (entrail inspectors) who were highly educated experts. As this continued 'through the entire duration of Pagan Rome,' a fairly high standard of silliness must have been maintained and for a considerable number of years, and in spite of a regular course of studies in Athens, and a profusion of Greek professors and tutors in Rome. The 'brilliant days of the Antonines' formed no exception to this, and the 'brilliant' men of that period owed more to the goodness of their emperors than to any brilliance of their own. Now, though all this silliness was suffered by uneducated people, they cannot be held responsible for it. No sage, after being crowned for wisdom, ever encouraged an uneducated person to dispute with him in a temple, or question the accepted wisdom on public festivals, and the untaught man was more often told to hold his tongue or have it cut out. Uneducated persons took no leading part in the sacred portent performances, and they did

little beyond accepting good reports with cheers, and bad ones with groans. The report was drawn up entirely by well-educated men who understood the science of the thing, and why certain effects must follow certain omens as surely as light goes with the sun. In the accepted silliness of the day, an ignoramus has never been more than an 'also ran' to the man of learning.

At Rome, as in London, the only difference between the very wise and the very ignorant was that the very wise understood the inner nature of the accepted doctrine more fully and could tell you more about it. The buyers and sellers in the market-place, the pimps and panderers, the gladiators and the slaves, can never have believed any Roman portent quite so extensively, so exquisitely, so profoundly, so definitely and so specifically as a member of the sacred College of Pontiffs or a member of the Royal College of Augurs (yes, there was one) who had been through a course. Consequently, given the opportunity, the ignorant person was the more likely to shed his beliefs; which is exactly what has occurred over and over again all the way from Cæsar to Victoria. The influence of learning, through Lecky's pages, has never exploded a single fable or cleared up a single superstition, but, on the contrary, has given to every old error, blood, body and backbone.

Your wise men, 'highly, deeply learned, who think things out and know,' standardise a folly and make it respectable. They organise their silliness

into a profession and entwine it with vested interests. Every ædile in Rome, every censor of morals, knew, so to speak, the rank, performances and handicaps of all the Roman deities, from Jupiter downwards, and how far the portents of the day were likely to affect the future. The loaded head never doubts, and the only hope is ignorant people. The new thinker dies unheeded unless some untaught men happen to hear him. After that, time is his ally, though 'time is never in a hurry.'

Professor Thompson, F.R.S., at the Swathmore lecture, May 18, 1915, attributed the principal sources of error to 'over-respect for authorities and the unwarranted assumptions of historians.' In other words, to learned people, not to ignorant ones. All of this will be more and more difficult to shift in proportion to the 'efficiency' of state education. The Socialists, being pledged to the system, argue otherwise. They say that the real obstacle to the regeneration of mankind lies in the ignorance of the working man. Among highly-educated people they see much light and promise. I don't doubt it.

To keep to Rome, if there is anything in Christianity—and it is generally regarded as the light of the world—its success in ancient times was entirely the work of uneducated men, and without them anything might have happened—to the light of the world. But the slaves of Rome found in it a lasting hope, and, though they died slaves, they also died Christians. Christianity, during

the 'brilliant days of the Antonines,' was never looked upon, in educated circles, as being more than an ignorant superstition. It had, however, certain innate advantages. The old Roman gods were of noble aspect but typical aristocrats, who never did anything. If you wanted anything done you had to entrust it to demons:—

The immediate objects of the devotion of the pagan world were subsidiary spirits of infinite power and imperfect morality.

These were the demons. Except to well-educated people, thoroughly grounded from infancy, a religion of that kind can have few attractions. Consequently, ignorant people were always open to anything better that might happen to come along.

When Christianity came to Rome, the uneducated man had to suffer for Christianity, but this being an essential part of the faith, the religion was, if anything, assisted. The Christian enthusiast did not actually deny the existence of the pagan gods, but he called the whole lot, quite impartially, demons, *i.e.* devils. In religion a deal is excusable, but a Christian should have realised the feelings of an ancient Roman when he first heard his great god Jupiter, to whom he hardly dare to pray, reduced to the rank of a demon and called a devil. To-day, under the Blasphemy Act, men are locked up for years and with much less reason.

As long as Christianity was confined to uneducated people, it was a religion of suffering, and the educated people took care that that was thoroughly understood. In time, however, learned men 'took over' the 'ignorant superstition' and made it respectable. They breathed into it what Matthew Arnold calls 'sweetness and light'! The faith was then standardised, the angels, devils, forms and nature of deity were re-arranged, resorted, re-indexed, re-incarnated and re-classified, and we soon had the Royal Colleges of Pontiffs and Augurs over again, in a different form, under another name, with the Inquisition added. There you have the benign influence of culture! With compulsory education in Rome, there would have been no Christianity. With compulsory education in London, we shall never get rid of it.

Scholars have a method of their own for estimating the standard of thought and the prevalent creed at any given period. This method is universal and to think otherwise is to expose your ignorance, which, in my opinion, is a sign of hope. The scholarly method is to take some celebrated authors, say, Marcus Aurelius, Juvenal, or Seneca, and urge that the standard of thought there displayed is incompatible with the acceptance of portents and prodigies. They then argue, in fine style, that these beliefs belonged to the hewers of wood and the drawers of water, but were not shared by the men of intellect and culture. This should not be believed. The idea is founded on

the assumption that a fine writer is an indication of sense both in himself and in the people who read him. This, however, is quite untrue. The gift of writing, with the single exception of a great philosopher, is no more a guarantee of sense than the gift of song or the gift of gab, nor will the patrons of one be found any more sensible than will the patrons of the other. Nowadays, no person of understanding is in the least surprised to find, in countless anecdotes and tales, that Tennyson, Swinburne, Ruskin, Carlyle, Matthew Arnold, Samuel Smiles and Dickens, and their greatest admirers, were and are considerably below the average in common sense. Yet these *illustrissimos* are already being trotted out as a historical basis for the 'brilliance' of the Victorian era! On the other side, we should remember that few men of letters are absolutely sane, and their silly side is the main factor in their popularity.

If, however, you take a great thinker, you will find he in no way represents the age; he represents nothing but himself, and the vague hope that ignorant people may one day find him. How can you say Herbert Spencer represented the Victorian era? He opposed compulsory vaccination, compulsory education, and every form of state meddling with the individual for the supposed benefit of the community. Educated England is not represented by Herbert Spencer, but by Viscount Milner, Dr. Macnamara and Geo. R. Sims. Was educated Rome represented by Seneca? Was

educated Scotland represented by Hume? If you took the boy with seven toes recently born in Glasgow, you would be nearer the mark, as regards educated Scotland, and some officious proctor as regards educated Rome.

Apply this reasoning. Descend from Seneca and come down to some piece of wisdom attributed to some eminent consul or senator. Cato is reported, on the authority of Cicero, to have said he could not understand how two Haruspices (entrail inspectors) could pass one another in the street without bursting into laughter. From this scholars deduce considerable scepticism among educated Romans.

Disraeli is reported by various authorities to have said that his religion was that of all sensible men. On being asked what was the religion of sensible men, he replied: 'Sensible men never say.' From this, some eminent historian, of a far-distant age, may deduce considerable scepticism among the educated classes in the 'brilliant' Victorian era. Yet if this scepticism were at all general, why need the sensible man take such care not to say what his religion might be? In 1880, when Bradlaugh, an outspoken free-thinker, attempted to take the oath in the House of Commons, there was a terrific hullabaloo. The police were called in, and the struggle, in and out of the House, cost Bradlaugh his life. To-day every public school in England has a chapel, and the boys attend divine service at least once a day.

They are assembled for prayers every evening and, in addition to these collective prayers, each boy is alleged to pray for himself both on rising and before going to bed. On Sundays the boys go to chapel two or three times; no game of any kind is permitted; they may go out for a walk, but they may not run, row, cycle or swim. We also have a Lord's Day Observance Act, of which the less said the better. If this is the religion of all sensible men, no wonder sensible men don't care to say much about their religion. For my part, I would not attach much importance to what Cato said in the second century B.C., or to what Disraeli said in the nineteenth century A.D. Neither of these men spoke out plainly, nor did anything openly, nor left anything on record which could be used openly; and, from their timidity, one might deduce the exact opposite of what the quotation intended.

A good remark is often chance rather than conviction. It may be due to good spirits, anger or despair, or it may be the result of a certain word being used in a very unusual sense. A brave man is another matter. What he says he feels, and something is going to happen, and from what happens the standard of current thought can be gauged. Bradlaugh's struggles, not Disraeli's remark, show the sentiments of the time. Evidently, in the 'brilliant' Victorian era, the standard of highly educated M.P.'s sitting at Westminster, and representing the best British thought,

was far below that of comparatively uneducated men of Northampton, who voted Bradlaugh, and nothing but Bradlaugh, from 1868 to 1880, and when they at last got him in, they stuck to him and kept him there.

With the historical ground thus paved, you would be very surprised, in such a matter as the burning of witches, if the wise men, 'highly deeply learned, who think things out and know,' set to work, in conjunction with the centres of education and the seats of learning, and explained to uneducated people that the whole thing was a mistake, and that the interpretation of certain passages of the Bible had led them to make inferences of a regrettable nature which had caused the deaths of many innocent people. Nothing of the sort, of course, occurred. The higher the education the more certain was the conviction as to the necessity of burning witches, male and female, for the term included both. Here is an instance :—

In 1664 two women were hung in Suffolk, under a sentence of Sir Matthew Hale, who took the opportunity of declaring . . . the wisdom of all nations had provided laws against such persons. . . . Sir Thomas Browne, who was a great physician as well as a great writer, was called as a witness, and swore 'that he was clearly of opinion that the persons were bewitched.' *Lecky : Rationalism in Europe.*

Glanvill, a writer of some distinction and a fellow of the Royal Society, who are to-day no

better than they were in 1664, defended the burning of witches against the growing group of ignorant doubters. His book, called *Saducismus Triumphatus*, was much valued in educated circles as a very able work and a complete reply to the cavillers, who were alluded to as follows:—

Which sort of infidels, tho' not ordinary among the mere vulgar, yet are they numerous in a little higher rank of understandings. *Lecky*: *ibid.*

'Not ordinary among the mere vulgar' is vague, for, if at that time every one who didn't know Latin was 'a mere vulgar,' then so many people would be included that these, without being 'ordinary,' might be quite numerous. How many does Glanvill mean? You may, of course, find a scholar, a B.A. Oxo., a man of Balliol, with honours, and also with the Oxford manner, and you may ask him. But, I wouldn't, if I were you. Beyond boring you to tears, he will illumine nothing. However, in common with many other over-evoluted people, I like to be accompanied by a tame barbarian, much as our ready money book-makers have a 'minder,' and he tells me about the weather and the latest news and otherwise keeps me up to date. So, having him with me, I submitted the passage to him and watched him with considerable interest. He got to work on the business at once, like the good fellow he is, and read it through carefully. He didn't seem to think much of it; perhaps it puzzled him; any-

way he made no remark. I began to fear he would not give me the information I wanted. He then examined the cover of the book, both top and bottom. This evidently did him good, for he smiled at me good-humouredly and said Glanvill meant 'a good few, quite a lot, or more than you think.' An ignorant devil, of course! Still I wish historians would use them more.

Wherefore, I think we may safely say that, around 1664, Glanvill and the fellows of the Royal Society were, as regards witches and general sense, some way behind 'a good few, or more than you think,' of the 'mere vulgar.' And so they are still.

Bacon, as a representative of the higher order of understanding, as opposed to the 'mere vulgar,' went out of his way to condemn witches in a book he quaintly called *The Advancement of Learning* and dedicated to the king. As attorney-general, he was responsible for torturing on the rack a harmless old clergyman, called Peacham, suspected of harbouring a devil somewhere inside him. This shows clearly that a man may thoroughly grasp the science of thought and explain it, and in Latin, and yet think wrong. Why not know less about thought, and think right, in which 'a good few' of the 'mere vulgar' found no difficulty at all? As late as 1736, the Scotch divines met together and published a strong statement affirming belief in witchcraft. John Wesley, educated at Charterhouse and Christ Church, held till his

death, in 1791, that 'giving up witchcraft is in effect giving up the Bible'; and, like the good churchman he was, his education told him it was better for him to burn witches than to burn his Bible.

If every child in England had been taught 5½ hours a day for nine years that—

The pernicious dangers of witchcraft were amply established by the laws of all civilised countries, and by the researches of able men for several centuries,

witches would now be isolated and treated as germ-carriers.

Who, do you suppose, first doubted the king's touch as a cure for scrofula? The educated men 'who think things out and know'? 'Not there, my child, not there.' The belief rested on ample evidence and was supported by all the highest dignitaries in the land, who never saw reason to doubt till the change of dynasty caused uncertainty as to who was the rightful owner of the God-given gift. John Browne, surgeon to Charles II, regrets—

There were, however, some Atheists, Sadducees, and ill-conditioned Pharisees who disbelieved in it.
Lecky: Rationalism in Europe.

Sir Frederick Treves, surgeon to King George V, speaks somewhat similarly of those doubting the merits of the Almroth Wright anti-typhoid vaccine. Of the two, I prefer the king's touch, as, at any rate, harmless.

Usury was one of the many sins exploded by untaught people. That it was a crime and contrary to the laws of nature was held amply established by the general consent of all nations against it. Aristotle had laid down the doctrine that 'money is sterile by nature,' and this was repeated parrot-like by all the 'high-brows' of Europe, from B.C. 350 to A.D. 1787, when Bentham propounded the following simple consideration:—

If the borrower employs the borrowed money in buying bulls and cows, and if these produce calves to ten times the value of the interest, the money borrowed can scarcely be said to be sterile or the borrower a loser. *Lecky: History of Rationalism*, vol. ii.

Probably it is unnecessary to add that this simple consideration of Bentham's had, in practice, been anticipated and acted upon for years by numbers of people quite 'unqualified to judge,' notwithstanding various punishments (including torture) devised by the highly-educated authorities, who were convinced that the practice of usury (*i.e.* lending money at interest) was pernicious to all concerned. The whole notion of borrowing money to provide a working capital, and then paying the interest out of the profits, was simply the efforts of uneducated people to make a living without paying a man of learning to put them through a three years' wisdom course in a university. It was pure ignorance on their part, and all educated people knew well that so heterodox a notion was,

in the first place, wicked, entailing hell-fire later on; and, in the second place, commercially unsound, bound to fail, entailing ruin and perhaps imprisonment, and, in their opinion, it deserved to. However, some ignorant people are 'daring thinkers.'

Finally, up till 1800, those 'qualified to judge' held that all wealth consisted of gold, and that therefore any trade which resulted in gold leaving the country must be regarded as a dead loss. In 1735, Bishop Berkeley had asked:—

Whether the annual trade between Italy and Lyons be not about four millions in favour of the former, and yet whether Lyons be not a gainer by this trade. *Lecky: History of Rationalism*, vol. ii., p. 344.

But well-educated folk held that the bishop was 'breaking up' if he thought that Lyons could benefit to any appreciable extent by losing £4,000,000 a year to Italy. Yet, in spite of this, many wrong-headed people, who had escaped schools of thought, and had remained steeped in ignorance, managed to acquire considerable wealth, mainly because they had no idea in what wealth consisted provided they found themselves better off at the end of twelve months than they were at the beginning. In fact, Lecky's volumes prove conclusively that, unless ignorant people either had not known, or had ignored, what the authorities believed, we should have been a nation of great aural development and of corresponding stupidity.

Histories prove that a country will only advance in (y)ears unless the opinions of learned bodies are successfully resisted and thus prevented becoming any portion of the law of the land.

Educated people appear to imagine that the acceptance of the doctrine of free trade, as illustrated in the repeal of the Corn Laws, was due to the writings of Adam Smith, subsequently assisted by the learned essays of gifted professors spreading the light throughout the country. Hence, what some are pleased to call, the Manchester school of thought. As if a school of thought was necessary to tell men that the less Government did, and the less it had to do, the better for all concerned, except the party politicians drawing the salaries. At first, the only books on free trade were the ledgers of merchants, which put in black and white the actual loss to particular trades caused by Government interferences. Here were the materials of Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*. He himself invented nothing; he discovered nothing; nor was he indebted to any Bodleian library. That was where he had luck, for nothing found in a library ever did any one any good. All Adam Smith did was to put down in book form, but rather unreadably, what ignorant people of sound commercial instinct, and endless energy, had been doing for years in spite of Government interference of the most pernicious kind, conducted according to the established principles of all the most learned bodies in Europe. Some one was bound to do this

sooner or later, and Adam Smith had the necessary details almost thrown at his head. His father was Commissioner of Customs at Glasgow, which was a nest of traders, and Adam Smith was educated at Glasgow University, and subsequently lived and lectured there. It was impossible for him to escape knowing something about trading profits from his father, and also meeting traders and traders' families, and comparing how they made money with the accepted doctrines of national wealth. After a time, he became tutor to the young Duke of Buccleuch, and he was several years with him on the Continent. There, his Glasgow experiences floated in his mind, and it occurred to him that if, when he came back to Glasgow, he did not find a large percentage of these uneducated traders more or less bankrupt, then they were right and the accepted doctrines of wealth were wrong. In due course he returned. The traders were not bankrupt, but were doing well, and Adam Smith merely copied down what untaught men had told him. Directly Adam Smith displays learning, and forms theories of rent and wages, he will be found very ingenious, and often beautiful, but never correct.

The actual fighters for the repeal of the Corn Laws were not professors at all, but, for the most part, ignorant men, determined not to allow the price of their bread to depend upon the party politician. Bright and Cobden did the talking, and they were anything but scholars. Their

notion of the limited functions of government is far more sound than anything taught or talked of since, notwithstanding that perishing phrase about 'educating our masters.' And if every child in England had been taught for $5\frac{1}{2}$ hours a day for 9 years that the Corn Laws and the sliding scale were a triumph of human ingenuity and wisdom—as all well-educated people were taught and believed—do you suppose you would ever have shifted the Corn Laws?

At the present moment, many people of scant education seem to have a vague horror of book-lessons, a distrust, the unerring instinct, not yet educated out of us, that all is not well. Supposing they are right. Why then, under Samuel's Children Act, put them in prison and shut up their children in an industrial school? Is this 'sweetness and light'? Surely the parents should have perfect freedom of choice? Leave them alone. Their mistakes may be useful to others if not to themselves. Some new form of education, not books, is in the air, and it may take many curious forms before the most profitable pattern emerges. The worst of the worst, the rudest of the rude, is preferable to any government pattern, or any government interference. One thing is absolutely certain, that the state pattern, being framed for all now, is suitable to none ever.

Every few years, a certain number of people play their hand better than those around them, and their children become what is called well

educated. In many ways, as regards the first step up, this is not easier but harder than it used to be. No one, who can afford anything better, likes a council school, and, except for the well-to-do, there are no other places. Private teachers and private schools, in a small way, were at once ruined by council schools, backed by education boards and inspectors who insisted that the private standard was to be at least as long and at least as bad as that adopted by the Board of Education. The private teachers had also to contribute to their rivals by paying for them in rates and taxes. The wickedness of the thing is fairly obvious. It also nips in the bud the first step up, the differentiation from the common undesirable; and increases the advantages of those already up. Therefore not to be common, to differ at all, is harder. However, continuing the contention that every few years a few new families join the well-educated classes, and a few of life's failures go back, then education must be a poor thing if the understanding of well-educated people—descended from winners—has not proved itself to be the bed-rock of reason, the seat of sense, wherein foul things intrude not and bigotry and prejudice strive in vain to enter. So far from this being so, a well-educated man has always been the champion bigot of the world, having been taught to read from others and not to think for himself. Apparently untaught people, by being untaught, escaped much of this, and actually provided the

fields of hope where right took root, and the veins of sense along which it travelled. Moreover, in actual writing, in drama, poetry and fiction, the untaught men more than hold their own. What can be the cause, if not the bad effect of books commenced too soon and indulged in too long ?

The general doctrine handed down by professors and teachers would seem to be that ignorant people remain steeped in sin and error until enlightened by men of learning and culture ; and, further, that ignorant people, in order to account for quite ordinary and natural occurrences, have recourse to childish tales and absurd superstitions, which are one by one investigated and annihilated by the men of learning, in spite of popular passion and prejudice. To think this, a man must have read himself silly. The only fable I can find which was cleared up by learned men, is the following, and they also circulated it :—

Aristotle, the greatest naturalist of Greece, had observed that it was a curious fact that on the sea-shore no animal ever dies except during the ebbing of the tide. Several centuries later, Pliny, the greatest naturalist of an Empire that was washed by many tidal seas, directed his attention to this statement. He declared that, after careful observations which had been made in Gaul, it had been found to be inaccurate, for what Aristotle had stated of all animals was in fact only true of man. It was in 1727, and the two following years, that scientific observations made at Rochefort and Brest finally dissipated the delusion. *Lecky : European Morals* vol. i., p. 371.

When all is said and done, what exactly did this momentous discovery achieve? Was any one happier? Probably the only effect was to profoundly modify an epoch-making essay on the *Influence of Lunar Revolutions on Human Mortality*, which some J. C. Balbus, B.A., Oxo., had, at home, ripe and ready to be delivered to the fellows of the Royal Society. And none would have laughed! The F.R.S. may be long in the ear, but he doesn't laugh. It's against the rules—in his world.

Ah, well, those who 'sell sea-shells on the sea-shore' or make nets, or catch fish, have no time to notice whether the crabs or lobsters watch for the ebb of the tide before they elect to die. Fishermen catch fish and men of learning catch illusions. When we have no uneducated men left, who then will escape the delusions?

Why did the untaught men, throughout our history, exhibit a sound sense, above that of the majority of the educated? Why did they show some instinct for the side that was right, above that of the educated, and to an extent bordering on the wonderful? They had less opportunity in every respect; except that they were not brought up on books and cultured people are. In other words, their one advantage was they escaped education, so-called; which is the lesson of the ears of history.

CHAPTER VI

EARS OF SCIENCE

Hence we see at the present day the *husk of Nature* investigated in the minutest detail, the intestines of intestinal worms and the vermin of vermin known to a nicety. But if some one comes as, for example, I do, and speaks of the kernel of nature, none will listen ; they even think it has nothing to do with the matter, and go on sifting their husks. *Schopenhauer.*

‘SCIENTIFIC’ is the word of the day. Once, when all knowledge was supposed to be contained in the classics or in the Bible, the word had something in its favour. But things have reached such a pitch lately that, if you do not accept scientific thought and scientific evolution, you are supposed to believe in Christianity and Baptism. This is partly due to clergymen and teachers not having realised that religion is merely a barbarous alternative for metaphysics. The ancients had no such word as ‘metaphysical’ and, when anything was difficult or impossible to account for, they merely murmured *μὲν θεῶν*, or *a deo*, which scholars invariably, but incorrectly, rendered as ‘by divine providence’ or ‘sent by God.’ Aristotle, needless to say, wrote *Physics*, and some

subsequent works of his were called *Metaphysics*, but the analogy was that of Xerxes and Artaxerxes, and his later books only meant 'after physics,' and had no connection with the word as used by us nowadays. If people translated 'divinely ordained' into unintelligible, or metaphysical, as they should, the sphere of religion would soon be recognised. However, the influence of the Bible is dwindling, and if you support a statement by saying Joshua vii. 14, or Acts xxiii. 9, the testimony is accepted as to the moral value of your reference rather than as to its having actually occurred. 'True as gospel' is now a bright and cheery phrase resembling 'right as rain,' and not to be taken too literally. And this will happen to the word 'scientific' in due course.

Scientific thought, if looked into, will be found to differ little from ordinary thought except in being duller, and in its style suggesting a scribe whose reading had been limited to etymological dictionaries. In other respects, scientific thought resembles ordinary thought. It will harbour all the prevalent notions of the day, and it will confer the highest honours on pretentious and undeserving people. Its merits are purely imaginary. Try some of Huxley's *Aphorisms*, which have been collected and published in the *Golden Treasury Series*.

No. XXIII. The only freedom I care about is the freedom to do right; the freedom to do wrong I am

ready to part with on the cheapest terms to any one who will take it from me.

No. CCCXV. It is better to go wrong in freedom than to go right in chains.

If both of these are 'scientific' thoughts, then 'scientific' signifies 'incorrect' as applied to one of them. Try another couple:—

No. CCLXXXI. . . . Every *ignorant* person tends to become a burden upon, and, so far, an infringer of the liberties of his fellows, and an obstacle to their success. Under such circumstances an education rate is, in fact, a war tax levied for purposes of defence.

No. CCCLXXIII. People will never recollect that mere learning and mere cleverness are next to no value in life, while energy and intellectual grip, the things that are inborn and *cannot be taught*, are everything.

The italics are mine and emphasise the fact that these 'scientific' thoughts contradict one another. If what cannot be taught, 'energy and intellectual grip,' are everything, why is the ignorant or untaught person a burden to his fellows? The words 'ignorant,' 'uneducated' and 'untaught,' give rise to much misconception and misunderstanding, which you expect 'scientists' to avoid. My own impression has always been that that old bone-man Huxley was a much overrated person.

Even so great a thinker as Herbert Spencer does not altogether avoid the educated misconception on ignorance:—

If to be ignorant were as safe as to be wise, no one would become wise. And all the measures which tend to put ignorance on a par with wisdom, inevitably check the growth of wisdom.

Here, again, ignorance is being confused with stupidity or folly. The opposite of ignorant is learned, or well-informed, rather than wise; and learned men are seldom wise. Yet this thought would be quoted as a 'scientific' thought. What Herbert Spencer meant was: If not to know were as safe as to know, no one would know. Very likely, and since not to know books is quite as safe as to know books, and since books are not the only means of knowing, the common idea about ignorance is one that is becoming a national danger. Science is described by Herbert Spencer, in *First Principles*, as 'partially-unified knowledge,' and since most book knowledge, unified partially, or otherwise, is absolutely useless, so is most science.

Bacon, in England, is held to be the father of scientific thought. His personal character is one of the worst in English history. The *Oracle Encyclopædia* makes a striking comment on this:—

Considering his lamentable failure in public life, it is to be regretted that he (Bacon) did not devote himself absolutely to literature and science.

Yet if the faculty of knowing (science) is of so little moral benefit to the knower himself, why should it be so belauded? Bacon was a thor-

oughly bad man. He was prosecuting counsel against his benefactor, Essex, and did his utmost to prove him guilty; as law officer of the Crown, he made new laws against witches and increased the stringency of those existing; before a parliamentary committee, he confessed to twenty-three acts of corruption, and was fined £40,000 and lodged in the Tower. His biographer continues:—

Great as are his claims as a moralist, he will be best known to posterity as founder of the inductive philosophy.

Both statements deserve comment. First, how can any one be a founder of inductive philosophy? For 'inductive' simply means collecting evidence and drawing conclusions therefrom, which has been the common practice of all dull thinkers, except theologians, from time immemorial. A philosophy may well be labelled Stoical or Epicurean, but to simply say 'inductive,' seems to imply that it consists entirely of system, is all evidence, and that it gets no further. If this is meant, it certainly applies to Bacon, and, to a large extent, to Darwin.

Bacon's method was very inductive. He said he would rather believe all the legends in the Talmud and the Alcoran than that this world was without a creator. Well, most of us would believe a great deal rather than read all the legends in the Talmud, but why could he not believe in his creator right away, if he wanted to? This

craze for study is inseparable from scientific thought. All that Bacon really demonstrates is that there is simply nothing he can't believe when he wants to. This is 'some' inductive thought.

Secondly, I am inclined to resent Bacon being called 'a great moralist.' If him, why not others? Why not the late Mr. Charles Peace? Peace used to read the lessons in church with considerable fervour and in a voice of singular sweetness enriched, it was thought, with a good deal of brandy. Was Charles P. a moralist? Prefix the word 'scientific' and all is explained. Such men are 'scientific' moralists. Bacon was a great 'scientific' moralist, *i.e.* he knew all about morality, could impart morality, and his knowledge thereon was 'partially unified,' but he did not do any. So with Charley Peace. He certainly could impart morality, which presupposes he knew some. Evidently another 'scientific' moralist! Andrew Do-Little, in Bernard Shaw's *Pygmalion*, was a 'scientific' dustman; he knew the work, but did none. By results, however, these 'scientific' successes were failures. Do-Little, if I recollect rightly, was appointed honorary secretary of a church mission for reformed dustmen; he became respectable, but was miserable; Bacon was put in the Tower; C. Peace was hung.

From Huxley, Bacon and Peace, let us ascend to Darwin. Why is Darwin reckoned as the prince of scientists? Why are there more pictures of Darwin in our polytechnics than of all

our other scientists together? What did he actually do for us? What did he actually tell us that we did not know before? He was certainly an exceedingly good man, but his success was as a scientist, not as a moralist, and such a scientific success as his makes a striking commentary on the word 'scientific.'

Everything we know, according to Schopenhauer, consists of what is known and the knower, neither of which considerations must be omitted. It is, therefore, he said, a 'clumsy process' to seek to derive all knowledge from objects perceived, without paying any attention to their perceiver and knower, 'through which, nay, in which alone, the former exist.' If, then, Darwin's labours should one day come to be regarded as mere material for thought, or as giving a false impression, or as extensive notes round and about a very small context, or, in short, as 'much ado about nothing,' then the word 'scientific' as applied to a work might still connote a dull work without necessarily conveying that it possessed any value or was likely to bear fruit. Not that this is going to occur just yet. For one thing, Darwin's nature is extremely attractive, and no one wishes to attack him or belittle him. Secondly, his industry was such that, on all organisms, he became an encyclopædia; and human beings are so constituted that if a man knows enough, and spends enough time knowing it, his deductions are taken as being equal to his industry in importance

and magnitude. As long as knowledge is supposed to consist in enumerating long lists of facts, or in passing examinations in them, Darwin's position will be secure, and, at the present moment, if you do not accept Darwin, you are supposed to believe in Genesis, winnowed by an Ark selection.

The position of Darwin is simply astounding. Other scientists have known plenty of facts and have arranged them with a connecting link but little vaguer than his, and yet their names are barely known. How did this occur? Can it be that pure luck is a bigger factor in a scientific success than in a commercial one?

Ah, no, some scientific enthusiast will say deprecatingly: Luck may be a principal factor in success as poet-laureate or home secretary; luck may be a principal factor in success as an actor or as lord mayor; luck may be a principal factor in success as a soldier or as governor-general of Madras; luck may be a principal factor (smiling scientifically here) in success with prayer, but not in science, ah, no.

Dare I say: Ah, yes? Well, I'm over military age and I'm going to risk it. Scientists don't succeed by being scientific. A scientific success is like a commercial success, and consists of introducing your wares at a favourable moment (*i.e.* luck); secondly, in being common enough not to make all the other producers look 'out of it' (*i.e.* not a genius); thirdly, in promoting kindly feelings among the other sellers (*i.e.* a nice and un-

pretentious disposition). All of these items were Darwin's and in an extraordinary degree. He came at *the* moment, his mind and his views were peculiarly common, and he was one of the nicest men ever born. If all the other scientists are against you, you may be a Schopenhauer, but you will not be a Darwin. If you ask yourself what Darwin told us that we did not know before, you will have some difficulty in finding out what it was, and even that little is shared by Wallace. Is he equal to Bichat or Lamarck, except in being nicer and luckier? No nature other than Darwin's could possibly have performed his life's task without creating round himself a veritable army corps of enemies, composed of zealous churchmen, university professors, promising politicians and hosts of scientists, all viewing him as a grave attack on the value of their own labours and their own position in the universe. But Darwin's nature steadily disarmed his enemies. The scientists eventually united in his praise, and claimed, each in his own sphere, to have afforded him valuable assistance; the churchmen saw in him a religious nature and an untiring industry, accompanied by a few regrettable tendencies only too common in those not ordained to the work of the Master; the professors and politicians followed suit, and the man was actually buried in Westminster Abbey! This is a far greater tribute to the nature of the man than to the nature of his thought. For, no great and enduring thinker

ever has been, or ever will be, buried in Westminster Abbey, except by being dug up and re-interred subsequently.

What is so lovable about Darwin is the quiet persistence of his energy, allied with an anxiety never to give any unnecessary offence. He was also animated by a constant eagerness to admit the smallest help, or suggestion of help, from all and everybody. Coupled with luck, that is why he is where he is. How else are you to account for it?

Here is the big idea with which he commences operations:—

I can entertain no doubt, after the most deliberate study and dispassionate judgment of which I am capable, that the view which most naturalists until recently entertained, and which I formerly entertained—namely, that each species has been independently created—is erroneous. *Origin of Species*, p. 4, Pop. Ed.

He then attempts to account for the origin of species by a process of a natural selection of favourable variations. But, though he gives innumerable instances of very peculiar facts, none of them in the least account for the origin of species, and, except in the variation of pigeons under domestication, he seems to have for the most part forgotten what he had set out to prove. To his whole contention one may well reply:—

There are several species of man and several species of monkey, and few, except theologians,

ever thought that each of these were separate formations or special creations. The point, however, is, did any type of man, however low, ever become a monkey, or did any type of monkey, however high, ever become a man? Darwin may think so, but was he the first to think so, or even among the first to think so? On Darwin's own showing, the naturalists seem to have been behind the age rather than in advance of it. Plenty of other men have been before him, and without special study. For instance, Leonardo da Vinci, the painter (1452-1519), wrote:—

Compile a particular treatise for the description of four-footed animals and among them place man, who from infancy walks on four paws.

In the description of man should be comprised animals of the same species such as the baboon, the monkey and their numerous relations.

This looks as if special creations were not universally believed in even at that date (1452-1519), except perhaps by scientists, naturalists and churchmen. Not that every thought of man, as scientists aver, must be considered non-existent unless it can be found in a book. If the books published in England, previous to the Armada, represented the whole output of our thought and fancy before that date, we should have been a very dull race, with a cumbersome language, and no terse, condensed forms of expression. The case being the reverse, for non-readers and non-writers are not necessarily non-thinkers, neither are they

dumb. In fact they really make the language which is subsequently used by learned men.

To keep to Darwin, the facts seem as follows: a limited theory of evolution from lower grades of life to higher grades of life had existed long before his day, and one common pattern of formation was known to be universal. He himself, however, had accepted special creations. Darwin's claim to fame rests on the introduction of a principle of 'natural selection' as the *sole* factor of the evolution. The inheritance of acquired aptitudes was not included in this, and many of Darwin's principal supporters, such as Weismann, strenuously and specifically denied it. Herbert Spencer, on the other hand, regarded its exclusion as fatal to the theory. Darwin, in a note to the sixth edition of the *Origin of Species*, writes:—

Natural selection is not the exclusive agency in the modification of species, as always maintained in this work.

To me, this is strong evidence of the valuable effects of a lovable disposition in science. The concession here made is a far bigger one than that of Malthus in his theory of population. Malthus, as most are aware, published an enquiry on population in which he maintained that man, increasing in a geometric ratio, while his food-stuffs were increasing in an arithmetic ratio, must eventually increase too fast for the wherewithal of existence. I have always thought this a neat and

ingenious theory. But Malthus, though an exceedingly good man, was an exceedingly unpopular man both in his theory and in his handling of it ; consequently, when he subsequently admitted that the exact ratio was incorrect, he was universally jeered at, his case was considered punctured, and he was practically told to go home. In my opinion, Darwin has retracted far more than Malthus did, and yet he still reigns supreme. How do you account for it ?

The eighth Duke of Argyll, who was a very level-headed practical man, cautious of his words, and, what is so rare among modern statesmen, a thinker, admired and enjoyed the works of Darwin, but without accepting him. The duke, though apparently unacquainted even with the name of Schopenhauer, went so far as to deny that outside influences are the cause of a change in structure, which again causes a change in function, and he asserted that ' future functions determined antecedently the growth of the structure.' The merit of the aristocracy is that they dislike study, and are more interested in their own opinions than in those of their author, and often rightly so, for the duke's point is, in reality, the key to the whole question, and on it depends whether an organism can, as it were, create itself in conformity with some inner feeling, or blind impulse, or whether it has little say in the matter and is developed by some principle of ' natural selection ' of variations and adaptations caused by outside circumstances.

In the Schopenhauer view, modification must be slight, for not only the shape, but the whole scheme of the organism is from within ; it being the outward expression of an idea. In the Darwin view, modification is endless, for the organism is the result of fortunate adaptations, and is, so to speak, bumped about the world like a piece of clay. In Schopenhauer's view, each definite species was and is unalterable. The question is whether Darwin's works establish the conflicting thesis. The duke thought not, and said of natural selection :—

Half the scientific world went mad on a verbal metaphor derived from the skill of artificial breeders.

One day, sooner or later, the scientists will have to meet Schopenhauer, and, if he can be upset, this age so fruitful in scientific thought should at once sweep him away ; for Schopenhauer, if accepted, presents an immovable barrier to the scientific theory of evolution. Omitting all of him that can be found in Kant (whom Herbert Spencer only allows to be 'verbally intelligible') his position is clearness itself. 'I teach,' he says, 'that the inner nature of everything is *will*, and I call will *the thing in itself*.' He considers every kind of life and movement to be the outward expression of the 'will-to-live,' which in man takes the form of living by intelligence, instead of by agility, ferocity, strength or prolific breeding ; and, so successful has conquering man been in his

endeavour, that certain sections of him seem likely to over-populate the globe. Man's *will*, according to Schopenhauer, like all other *wills*, is imperishable, unalterable and metaphysical; man, though in form a species of monkey, has never been other than a man, in the same way that a lion, though in form a species of tiger, has never been other than a lion, whose 'will-to-live' is the will of a lion and can never be otherwise. *Will* is unalterable.

The scientific theory of evolution, needless to say, asserts the reverse of this and claims that life evolves from the simple to the complex, culminating eventually in so wondrous a structure as man, who, it is predicted, should continue to evolve steadily and steadily and grow more and more perfect. This attitude is derived from a prolonged study of innumerable forms of all kinds of life, that is, appearances.

With Schopenhauer, appearances are false, fickle and illusive. The kernel of investigation is in *being* and not in *appearing*. Thus, with him, our one connection with reality is in our consciousness of our own *will*, which is unseen, unalterable and metaphysical. Such knowledge as can be obtained by these means is a real knowledge and a knowledge of the reality, 'the thing in itself' of which all phenomena are appearances. The difficulty is that what can neither be seen nor comprehended seems unlikely to do much to illumine the riddle of the universe. On the other hand,

studying countless appearances opens out an endless vista of false impressions. Stripped of scientific verbiage, this will be the battle-field between Schopenhauer and the scientists.

To all haters of education and study, such as myself, the glory of Schopenhauer is in his force and in his brevity. His whole position, practically, is given to you in *The World as Will and Idea*, vol. i., book iv., § 53-59, inclusive. This occupies 71 pages. Herbert Spencer, mighty thinker though he, of course, is, does not seem, like Schopenhauer, to possess the art of riveting your attention and then anchoring it securely with one grand phrase; you seem ever just coming to the end of a position, and ready to have it in a nutshell, when you are introduced to yet further developments in the shape of yet another *annelida*, yet another *myriapod*, and yet another black man. Would that it were otherwise. He runs to eighteen volumes, and hefty ones, too, some of them. Darwin is less of a thinker, less of a dictator, and even more of a bill-sticker of evidence, and therefore more wearisome. Every page introduces yet another fossil, yet another chrysalis, or yet another piece of moss, each with an additional lesson written on its back. Few of us can wish to be enrolled as mere registers of evidence. My head is no fact wagon, and I'd rather deny than read Darwin. Schopenhauer's whole teaching is contained in one book and two essays. All that he ever wrote barely fills five volumes. He

tells you what to believe and how to believe it, and, such is his spell, that to dare to doubt him seems only possible to such as 'harbour nothing but words under their low foreheads.' Whether this is the *will* in him, or in them, or in nature, I know not, but it's great.

The sad side of Schopenhauer is that all life should seem satisfied in its willing except man. Man alone, perfectly conscious of what he wills, is left unsatisfied. He perceives, he wills, he attains, and is dissatisfied; he tries again, same result. His life is an endless succession of potential gratifications all ending in disappointment. Death, objectively considered, may come as a 'merciful release,' but he doesn't want that either. So far as this view is correct, and correct it is in essentials, our scientific creation—the perfect man—will be perfect only in misery. His gratifications may increase but so will his disappointments, and, in his increased sensibility, he will feel them more. For my part, such are my imperfections that, when I think of him, I sometimes chuckle.

Schopenhauer, apart from being a writer of extraordinary force, has, in his origin of species, incomparably more life than Darwin has, and all that he says is more definitely and peculiarly his own. But professors have always disliked Schopenhauer, nor was he fond of them. Scientists could never accept him because he would persist in knowing things without evidence, arguing that evidence had no value except in relation to what

the seer should choose to see in it. Schopenhauer commences, not with a dozen volumes of data and evidence, but with the penetrating glance of genius, saying that what we see in the blind impulse of an insect, or in the conscious desire of man, are but the expressions of the 'will-to-live,' the 'will-in-nature.' He has an essay, *The Will in Nature*, consisting of only a few chapters but going right into the heart of the principle of life, and the origin of species, far further than Darwin or any one else. To the religious nature, asking for the majesty of awe, Schopenhauer undertakes to provide him with a way to wonder fuller and wider than anything he had ever wondered previously. To the scientist clamouring for evidence, evidence and nothing but evidence, Schopenhauer turns with the contempt of which he is so consummate a master :—

These knights of the crucible and retort should be made to understand that the mere study of chemistry qualifies a man to become an apothecary, not a philosopher. Certain other like-minded investigators of Nature, too, must be taught that a man may be an accomplished zoologist, and have the sixty species of monkeys at his fingers' ends, and yet, on the whole, be an ignoramus to be classed with the vulgar. . . . Send him to the servants' hall, where his wisdom will best find a market.

Naturally, this man is going to have enemies, always fatal in 'scientific' thought, as the lives of great thinkers have shown. It is my intention to copy out a few quotations from *The*

Will in Nature, and let him tell his tale as he alone can ; to alter a word seems sacrilege. But why has not this already been done ? There is, too, another question : Schopenhauer published *The Will in Nature* in 1836, some fifteen years after his great work, *The World as Will and Idea*, which had brought him some modicum of notice. He died September 18th, 1860. Darwin had been writing on his own investigations since 1838, which culminated in the *Origin of Species* in 1859. That Darwin and Schopenhauer should not have heard of one another is quite conceivable, though Schopenhauer read his *Times* regularly every day and the third edition of *The Will of Nature* contains a reference to the *Times* of May 19th, 1860. Great minds, as I say, live in a world of their own, and that they should know nothing of one another must not astonish us. But what about our thousands of professors in England and Germany who know all about every one and everything in the great world of thought ? They must have known Schopenhauer as one of the greatest thinkers, as well as perhaps the most powerful writer who ever lived ; they must have known of *The World as Will and Idea*, and of *The Will in Nature* ; why did they never secure for us any notice of Darwin's enquiries by Schopenhauer, a grand opponent ? Or, better still, a review from him of the *Origin of Species* ? 'Twould have been a lasting joy. That the professors and scientists should never have thought of such a

thing shows how useless they are even in their own sphere.

However, in the absence of professors, it falls to me to show that the origin of life on this planet is accounted for in another way besides Genesis and the Ark, or Darwin and Wallace. The odd thing is that I should be, as far as I know, the first to point the matter out; though some one who had no education, or had resisted it, would be sure to pave the way. Here, then, is what may be gathered by a few quotations from *The Will in Nature* :—

Not only the voluntary actions of animals, but the organic mechanism, nay even the shape and quality of their living body, the vegetation of plants, and finally, even in inorganic nature, crystallisation . . . not excepting gravity . . . is absolutely identical with the *will* we find in us. *The Will in Nature : Introduction.*

Now, if we enter more closely into the above-mentioned fitness of every animal's organisation for its mode of life and means of subsistence, the question that first presents itself is, whether that mode of life has been adapted to the organisation or *vice versa*. At first sight, the former assumption would seem to be the more correct one; since, in time, the organisation precedes the mode of life, and the animal is thought to have adopted the mode of existence for which its structure was best suited, making the best use of the organs it found within itself: thus, for instance, we think that a bird flies because it has wings, and that the ox butts because it has horns; not conversely. *The Will in Nature : Comparative Anatomy.*

The use of the weapon frequently precedes its existence, thus denoting that it is the weapon which arises out of the existence of the endeavours, not, conversely, the desire to use it out of the existence of the weapon. Aristotle expressed this long ago, when he said, with reference to insects armed with stings: *Quia iram habent arma habent* (because they have anger, they have arms). *Ibid.*

The immortal De Lamarck . . . seriously maintains and tries to prove at length, that the shape of each animal species, the weapons peculiar to it, and its organs of every sort destined for outward use, were by no means present at the origin of that species, but have on the contrary *come into being gradually in the course of time* and through continued generation, in consequence of the exertions of the animal's will, evoked by the nature of its position and surroundings through its own repeated efforts and the habits to which these gave rise. . . . The giraffe, in the barren, grassless African deserts, being reduced for its food to the leaves of lofty trees, stretched out its neck and forelegs until at last it acquired its singular shape, with a height in front of twenty feet; and thus De Lamarck goes on describing a multitude of animal species as arising according to the same principle, in doing which he overlooks the obvious objection which may be made, that long before the organs necessary for its preservation could have been produced, by means of such endeavours as these for countless generations, the whole species must have died out for want of them. . . . It is an error of genius, which in spite of all the absurdity it contains, still does honour to its originator. . . . If De Lamarck had had the courage to carry out his theory fully, he ought to have assumed a primary animal which, to be consistent, must have originally had neither shape nor organs,

and then proceeded to transform itself according to climate and local conditions into myriads of animal shapes of all sorts, from the flea to the elephant. But this primary animal is the *will to live*. As such however, it is metaphysical, not physical. *Ibid*.

An enthusiastic disciple, such as myself, cannot hope, with a few quotations, to do more than summarise the position, yet it can be gathered that Darwin's position as a thinker is much over-rated. That a personal creator, or Darwin's impersonal nature, selecting favourable variations by 'natural selection,' should seem more intelligible, and easier to understand, than Schopenhauer's 'will-in-nature,' is nothing in their favour but rather the reverse, because our minds are not fitted to deal with what is outside our immediate needs. Darwin fixes his attention on the outward shapes and peculiarities of animal formation, rather than on the character of 'the will to live,' which is the unseen and unintelligible cause of the animal being what it is. Schopenhauer's animal species is no chance adaptation of faculties to functions and functions to environment. His animal is complete in itself, and, as it were, comes into existence, the outward expression of an idea, a will-to-live; the method and means by which this takes place being absolutely beyond us. The ant-bear, according to him, was, is and will be an ant-eater for ever and ever. It began thus and will end thus:—

The ant-bear, for instance, is not only formed

with long claws on its fore feet, in order to break into the nests of the white ant, but also with a prolonged cylindrical muzzle, in order to penetrate into them, with a small mouth and a long, thread-like tongue, covered with glutinous slime, which it inserts into the white ant's nest and then withdraws covered with the insects that adhere to it; on the other hand it has no teeth, because it does not want them. Who can fail to see that the ant-bear's form stands in the same relation to the white ant's as an act of the will to its motive? . . . If we want to understand Nature's proceeding, we must not try to do it by comparing her works with our own. . . . This is the meaning of Kant's great doctrine, that Teleology is brought into Nature by our own understanding, which accordingly wonders at a miracle of its own creation.

Surely, if we want to wonder, why ask for scripture? or why ask for a scientific wonder? Let us wonder, as here, in a higher and fuller measure than we have ever wondered before. The so-called marvels of science are mere lifeless collections of facts compiled by very second-rate people in a very second-rate style. Schopenhauer fills one with the pride of wonder, knowing no creator and bowing to none, but alive with the glory of one's own wonder—'a miracle of one's own creation.' That we cannot completely understand this miracle, elevates it into a matter of religion—a religion, however, without a Bible, which is always a good thing. No one can want another Bible. Metaphysical wonder is religion in a greater and grander form. But each of us

must do his own wondering for himself, and the finer the mind, the grander the wonder. That is the religion of Schopenhauer, and, while he speaks, the riddle of the universe seems to vibrate in response to him. Why want more? Give yourself to him; entrust the soul of your mind into his keeping; listen to him as his disciple, and feel privileged to wonder with a wonder that, through and in him, you can, admiring, share.

To come down to mere argument and evidence in his case seems the rankest and blankest of heresies. Look around for yourself, not to make marks, not to get a degree, but content to look.

Behold the countless varieties of animal shapes; how entirely is each of them the mere image of its volition, the evident expression of the strivings of the *Will*, which constituted its character! Their difference in shape is only the portrait of their difference in character. *The Will in Nature.*

The 'will-to-live' determines to crawl in the mud, to burrow, or to fly, and thence we see before us the outward expression of this *Will*—the manner of which we shall never understand.

The *will to live* is seized with a longing to live on trees, to hang on their branches, to devour their leaves, without battling with other animals, and without ever touching the ground; this longing presents itself throughout endless time in the form (or Platonic idea) of the sloth. It can hardly walk at all, being only adapted for climbing; helpless

on the ground, it is agile on trees and looks like a moss-clad bough in order to escape the notice of its pursuers.

The position, then, is this :—The origin of species may be scriptural, *i.e.*, special creations commencing in Palestine. It may be Darwinian, *i.e.* one or more primary beings, without shape or organs, calmly dividing itself, or themselves, up, and populating the globe, aided by ‘natural selection’ and the ‘survival of the fittest.’ Or the origin of life may be Schopenhauerian and metaphysical. The scientific method of examining countless creations, and reporting on them, is open to the objection that our knowledge, being one of appearances only, leaves out of sight a very important factor, the inner nature, the base of religion, or, in metaphysics, ‘*the thing in itself*.’

Surely the origin of life will never be cleared up by accumulating myriads of varieties of instances for ever and ever. These are, as Schopenhauer says, the mere clothing of the ‘will-to-live,’ which is veiled in these forms, ‘related to it as thought to words.’ Can we account for Shakespeare by compiling a dictionary? The evolution theory of science attributes to itself a steady progress, very slow but none the less sure, and independent of any ordinary time limit. Schopenhauer, who carries you along, outside the world of space and time, by the fire and glory of his intellect, does not seem impressed with this idea :—

The oft-repeated doctrine of the progressive deve-

lopment of man to an ever higher perfection, or, in general, of any kind of becoming by means of the process of the world, is opposed to the *a priori* knowledge that at any point of time an infinite time has already run its course, and consequently all that is supposed to come with time would necessarily have already existed. *The World as Will and Idea*, vol. ii., ch. xvii.

That no metaphysical or religious explanation can be clearly conceived, much less understood, is, from the nature of the case, not against the explanation but necessary, and, perhaps, desirable. Does the conception aid in any way to a reading of the universe, that is the real test? Scientists may read the world by 'a struggle for existence,' by 'a survival of the fittest,' by 'an inheritance of acquired characters,' by 'an inheritance of functionally produced modifications' and 'by natural selection'; but such considerations are lacking in vitality. Where is their inner mechanism or mainspring? The best they can hope for is to be lit into life by the 'will-in-nature' and the character of the 'will-to-live.' This is the glance of genius, owing nothing to study or education, and which accounts for the world from the inside, from the inner nature of its own mind, independent of volumes of books, multitudinous degrees or eternal figures. There indeed is the Cæsar that came and saw and conquered.

Among objections, to the theory popularised by Darwin, is the principle of reversion to type and the non-existence of missing links. There is also

the time limit, an important consideration, considering that the living world is said to have been destroyed and re-stocked at least three times. Herbert Spencer only partially accepted Darwin's theory, and, in an essay, *The Inadequacy of Natural Selection*, he points out that 'natural selection,' in weeding out the unfit, may indeed keep the survivors up to the mark, but that this tends to consolidate a type and render it permanent rather than vary it. There is, too, the objection that before any variation can have become pronounced enough to benefit its owners in any appreciable degree, they must have rubbed along satisfactorily without it, unaware in what direction they were being benefited, if at all. Why then did the variation continue? However, this question has already been debated so deeply, so determinedly, and need I add, so dully, by so many eminent scientists that the cultured view is here, as always, blind acceptance.

One of the strangest delusions ever foisted on mankind by men of learning is that you are unfitted, or as they say 'unqualified,' to disbelieve a book until you have not only read it but studied it. Before you venture to doubt the Bible, so they say, you must have read it. This I deny. You must then, they assert, collect discrepancies and conflicting statements, and, by subsequently searching authorities, see how many of these have been satisfactorily accounted for. Why? The whole style, and also the matter, of the book is

very childish, and the morality deplorable. A few pages will tell you this. Why try more? The unintelligible or metaphysical portion of the universe undoubtedly exists for us, and what is called pessimism, in Schopenhauer, is represented in the Bible by Jesus weeping over Jerusalem. What is called optimism, in Herbert Spencer, is represented, in the Bible, by our Lord ascending into heaven, greatly to the delight of all who were privileged to witness it. To realise this, a prolonged study of the Bible is needless.

So with Darwin. He tells you in his introduction to *The Origin of Species* what it is he proposes to do, and one can see at a glance that he hasn't the brain to do it. He introduces his life's labours thus:—

When on board H.M.S. *Beagle*, as a Naturalist, I was much struck with certain facts in the distribution of the organic beings inhabiting South America. . . . On my return home, it occurred to me, in 1837, that something might perhaps be made out on this question by patiently accumulating and reflecting on all sorts of facts which could possibly have any bearing on it. After five years' work, I allowed myself to speculate on the subject, and drew up short notes; these I enlarged in 1844 into a sketch of conclusions. . . . From that period to the present day [Jan. 1872] I have steadily pursued the same object. *Origin of Species: Introduction*, line 1, p. 1, Sixth Edition.

In short, he saw something in 1837, and patiently accumulated *facts* thereon for thirty-five years.

After a few pages, you will find that he is all evidence and evidence of evidence, which practically proves nothing, and, in the hands of Schopenhauer, would have been used to prove the exact reverse of Darwin's aim. Darwin was a dear old man, and he was buried at Westminster Abbey, but was he anything else? Schopenhauer's grave bears the words ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER alone—that and nothing more. But 'time brings back to time,' and, one day, not to have visited the grave of Schopenhauer will cast a slur on you.

CHAPTER VII

EARS OF GOVERNMENT

Government is essentially immoral. Is it not the offspring of evil bearing about it all the marks of its parentage? *H. Spencer.*

THE moral of history is that the less the government do, the better for those governed. The last few parliaments have contained more men connected with the learned professions of law and letters than ever was the case formerly, but they do not appear to have digested the above elementary lesson, and modern ministers have increased legislative functions to a point beyond what we suffered under the Tudors. 'Comrades,' of course, wish the government to do everything; their ideal is 'from each according to his capacities and to each according to his needs.' The opposite view is taken by the two great modern philosophers, Herbert Spencer and Arthur Schopenhauer, who both of them specifically limit the functions of government to national defence and the administration of justice. Assuming that these two philosophers are right and that the

'comrade' is wrong, what is a fair price to pay for this limited form of government?

The charges for law and justice for the year ending March 31st, 1915, was £4,769,234, of which £1,369,292 was for the Royal Irish Constabulary, against £108,186, for police in England and Wales. The Dublin police cost £107,472, in addition to the Royal Irish Constabulary. The Army for this year was £28,885,000, and the Navy £51,550,000. The National Debt interest and repayment came to £24,500,000. These four items, added, come to £109,704,234. The budget estimate of national expense was £205,985,000. So we pay about double as much for our government as we ought, besides heavy local rates, of a communistic order.

After this war, our correct course must surely be to tell our politicians that we can no longer afford them on the old lines, and that we must be satisfied with fewer politicians, fewer political appointments, fewer political pensioners, and smaller salaries for politicians.

The government—that is our politicians—aim at the reverse of this. They wish to keep their hand on various industries entrusted to them because of the war and during war time, and they wish to resume further fathering functions from which the English alone had to some extent wrenched themselves. At the cessation of hostilities, the position of the wounded, the future of our soldiers, the disorganisation of trade, and a general boycott

of Germany, the more intense the better, which can only be done with government aid, will necessitate certain political influences which our object should be to escape. We should take care that every fresh government function is definitely understood to be only a temporary evil and not to be endured willingly, nor for ever.

All men should understand that owing to the government—that is our party politicians—having taken out of our hands the education of our children, provisions for old age, insuring our health, and many other matters quite outside their proper province, the result is that, before the war, the government—that is our party politicians—had no time or attention or money to give to national defence, nor to justice between man and man. Consequently these, though the only true functions of government, have been regularly and systematically neglected for the past fifty years, while our taxes have been raised to a pitch never yet reached in our history, though, at one time, under George III, we were at war with almost the whole globe and, of course, without winning everywhere.

Since, then, before this war with Germany, the government—that is our party politicians—had so much on their hands that they had no time to do what they ought to do, and, since they were charging so much for misdoing what they had no right to do that they had in a few years more than doubled the cost of governing the most law-abiding people in the world, surely the time has

come for us to say to our prime minister: 'My dear sir, if every nation depended on its government for its existence, none would be left. That we continue to survive you is the marvel of the age. We must therefore resuscitate ourselves by ourselves for ourselves by means of combinations of various kinds. You must stand aside, for you are no sort of use and never were. You have the Army and the Navy and the war debt to attend to, as well as improving our law-courts, if you've the time, so, for heaven's sake, stick to that and get busy.'

Does he contemplate this limited programme? Not at all; he is already committee-ing as follows:—

Scholarships, state grants, and other means by which specially promising boys and girls may be assisted to undertake a long course of training, extending from the elementary and secondary schools to the university, the scientific laboratory, and the manufactory. *D. Express.*

Now if we can't find out for ourselves who are our lads of promise, and reward them for ourselves, the government certainly can't. Industrial civilisation is doomed if money is not, to some extent, an index of value, and if the qualities that earn money are not, to a large extent, the qualities we need; government assistance is the ruin of natural development, which needs to be left alone. Is it fair to a unit, regarded as unpromising, to be

specially taxed to provide grants and other facilities for a unit regarded as promising, and who ought, *ex hypothesi*, to be able to get along without any assistance? What is more, the unpromising unit of to-day may be a unit we ought to have attended to instead of taxing him to assist his rivals. The modern craze for government pensions and government grants is a curse and a snare. In nine cases out of ten, the money is wrongly spent and the wrong man gets it. The fact of the grant having been made tells that it was unnecessary and that a considerable sum might have been subscribed voluntarily; for no modern cabinet committee ever risked losing a section of doubtful supporters for the sake of giving a pension to some solitary soul standing alone, one against the world. Every day the task of the new thinker, out of touch with his time, is rendered more and more difficult; every day his rates and taxes will be higher by pensions conferred on his rivals and by jobs provided for his competitors, each of which—the job and the pension—is a practical testimonial to the value of the theories which the new thinker is combating. No system was ever invented so debasing and so fatal to true progress as that of allowing cabinet committees—the most worthless of mediocrities—to consider themselves entitled to discover brains and reward merit. What is more, the idea is steadily gaining ground that the government—that is our politicians—is the pensioner of all deserving people, and that the fact

of a man receiving nothing proves him to be a pretender whose goods had little value. Whereas the truth would be more nearly the opposite, since no man of real worth can expect anything from a democratic government, excepting constant fines for doing what he is perfectly entitled to do.

Gustav le Bon, in his *Psychology of Crowds*, gives another reason why government selections of merit are certain to be bad. He explains, and partially proves, that the decisions and resolutions adopted by a committee are rather sillier than the stupidest man on that committee would have been by himself. A cabinet is a committee. It is also a committee engaged in appointing other committees:—

The Prime Minister has appointed a committee to consider the commercial and industrial policy to be adopted after the war, with special reference to the conclusions reached at the Economic Conference of the Allies, and to the following questions:—

What industries are *essential to the future safety of the nation*; and what steps should be taken to maintain or establish them?

What steps should be taken to recover home and foreign trade lost during the war, and to secure new markets?

To what extent and by what means the resources of the Empire should and can be developed. *Daily Express*.

‘Has appointed a committee.’ Remember Gustav le Bon. A committee of celebrities appointed

by a committee of politicians, to consider what 'industries are essential to the future safety of the nation'! Good Lord deliver us! Has no one ever read history? Our first industry should be to save ourselves from committees appointed by committees. That is an industry 'essential to the future safety of the nation.' Let us begin there.

It is perfectly absurd to suppose that the government after the war will be entirely different to any other government ever known to man. In every system of government, there will always be parties and party combinations, and, if no other name fits, the names of party leaders will serve, as with Redmondites, and Healyites, and Parnellites and Anti-Parnellites.

But in England, of course, our parties are quite different from an Irish riff-raff composed mainly of Fenians, discontented persons and evicted tenants. Our party system began when Charles lost his head. It had an exciting youth, through the Commonwealth and Restoration, to the Rebellion and change of dynasty in 1688. It came of age under the Hanoverian succession. Hence, since perfect loyalty to the Crown could not be hoped or expected of every one, the English with a stroke of genius substituted loyalty to party. Every loyal Whig was considered by the Whigs worthy of the name of an Englishman; and every loyal Tory was thought of similarly by the Tories; and, though they hated one an-

other with a hatred exceeding the hatred of women, and though no man could serve his country unless he were of one party or the other, the conditions of the time needed some such solution, and few, if any, good men were lost. Everything in our country, every hotel, every institution, every club, every newspaper was Whig or Tory. It was a battle, but it was played on the whole fairly, and, marvellous to relate, it worked. But not for ever.

By 1832 the system was showing crevices, and shortly afterwards it became an abortion. Slowly but surely the two parties began bidding against one another for the votes of newly enrolled and doubtful supporters. The good old Whigs and the good old Tories had no say in the matter at all, for their support was assured, and our legislation took the form of pandering to the more discontented and less responsible sections. By 1869, the Tories had come down to looking for leaders outside the old Tory families, and their leader then was an absurd Hebrew, wearing a greasy curl and a velveteen waistcoat. The Tories at this date all imagined that they were opposed to any further extensions of the franchise. The Jew-boy, however, calmly 'ratted.' He succeeded in 'outing' Gladstone by refusing to extend the franchise. But, on taking office himself, he introduced a measure going considerably further than Gladstone had gone. The party never recovered from this 'smart' work. From that day, every Tory found

himself pledged to support practically anything at a moment's notice. The best of them discarded politics for good.

In 1886, Gladstone copied the Jew-boy, and 'ratted' on Home Rule. The Whig party suddenly found that they were Home Rulers. The best of them objected. Nowadays a party politician will vote for anything you like. He calls it the 'will of the people.' All Home Rulers say Home Rule is the will of the people, though the people were not aware of this till the politicians told them so.

In 1905, the Unionist party, as it was then called, were told by Joseph Chamberlain that the will of the people demanded Tariff Reform. When the people were consulted they gave Joseph Chamberlain the order of the boot. But Tariff Reformers still put forward Tariff Reform as the will of the people.

Think, then, what the party politicians have brought us to. At one time, all England was Whig or Tory, and not without reason. Now all England is supposed to be Home Rule or Tariff Reform. Think what that means. The Tariff Reform question is simply this:—

Are our politicians a fitting body to be trusted with the whole trade of our Empire?

Surely the answer is: No.

The Home Rule question is simply this:—

How far are any set of men to be trusted who have never professed loyalty to our king and country, and whose programme is rooted in every manner of crime ?

Surely the answer is obvious. The whole Nationalist party were tried and convicted, in February, 1891, of 'inciting to sedition and crime' and of having 'made payment to those injured in the commission of crime.' In 1800, when we were at war with France, 900 Frenchmen landed in Mayo and, backed by Nationalists, advanced on Dublin, while the Nationalists murdered as many loyalists as they could find. In 1916, Germany attempt similarly, indirectly assisted to a large extent by our Home Rule party who filled the government posts. When John Daly, the dynamitard, sentenced to penal servitude for life in 1883, was released on ticket-of-leave by our party politicians, for party purposes, on the passing of the Irish Local Government Act, this John Daly was promptly elected Lord Mayor of Limerick three years in succession !

What sort of men are we likely to have to represent us when no one can fill a government appointment unless he is a Tariff Reformer or a Home Ruler ? It is almost confessing that none is fitted for a government post unless he be ass or knave. What a plight for the greatest Empire the world has yet seen ! Whatever our politicians attempt in trade, education, or anything else will always be done more with a view to party combinations

than to anything else, and it always will be so. Limit their functions, that is the only remedy.

It will never be well with us, said the old *Liberty Review*, till, in the spirit of our forefathers, we see the folly of beheading a king for interfering with our liberties, and then submitting to exactly the same interference from a half-educated official at 30s. a week. Substitute Lord Haldane at £10,000 a year for the half-educated official, and you see plainly enough that interference is pernicious, however much the man is educated and however much you pay him. In fact, to pay a politician anything seems absurd when plenty of people are willing to do the work for nothing.

After the war, there can be no doubt that our politicians intend doing more than they ever did before and with renewed vigour. According to the *Daily Express* :—

The abolition of poverty is the aim of a measure now under consideration by the government.

Are they going to abolish poverty all over the world, or only in the British Empire? Before they begin, one might repeat to them Malthus's words :—

Distress and poverty multiply in proportion to the funds created to assist them.

Our politicians have ears,

CHAPTER VIII

EARS OF MARS

Dedicated to the conventionally educated classes, the mainstay of all superstitions. *Beatrice E. Kidd.*

THE quotation at the top of this chapter formed the title-page to a leaflet on one of our recruits inoculated with life-long paralysis as a substitute for typhoid fever, in conformity with the regulations of the Medical Board. Everything in the Army, including the MEAT, comes before a board, with one exception, and that is the liberty of private judgment : there is no liberty of private judgment board in the Army, though there should be one, and no examination paper would be needed to sit on it. However, in the army code, 'orders is orders,' and, in the absence of orders, you come before a board.

No profession has suffered more from boards than the Army, and in no profession are boards more unsuitable. No profession has suffered more from examination papers than the Army, and in no profession are examination papers more unsuitable. When a man bought his commission, he gave evidence of one of the qualifications for an officer—the possession of means. When a man

passes an examination paper, he does not give evidence of a single qualification for an officer ; in fact, he gives evidence of having learnt up standard books, which is bad for the brain and no incentive to reasoning. Nowadays, the Army is one long succession of examination papers, consequently the best soldiers come out of it as quick as they can. The men who soldier, if they stick to it, may one day command a regiment ; but all the soft jobs, the nice jobs, and the billets are reserved for the men who pass examinations. The army council, the war office, and the staff college are all mark-makers. These are the ears of Mars.

What has the Army gained by the advent of the ' high-brow ' ? Our privates are still of the best, but what about the military authorities ? The old manual of military law still remains in force, and with all its intolerable brutalities, including ' crucifixion,' still there. The army council are mainly responsible for this, and they are true ' high-brows.' They prescribe the sword-frogs to be worn with a Sam Browne belt, they alter the regulations as to a military moustache, they forbid shoes to be worn in uniform, but the manual of military law is as it was. Possibly it came over from Prussia with the Hanoverian succession.

The time has come to do away with examination papers in the Army, to break all boards, to place the army council on the retired list, to burn the manual of military law, to understand that one soldier or several soldiers can reach a destination

without being accompanied by a corporal or by forming fours, to make saluting voluntary, and to realise that quite half the orders given to a soldier cause him a deal of trouble and are absolutely unnecessary. We must appoint some unlearned man, with no letters after his name, to alter all this more in accordance with the dictates of common sense and humanity.

PART III

TYPICAL DEVELOPMENTS

Can so many doctors, solemn pedants, and professors for some two thousand years—can Longinus, Demosthenes, Cicero and all the universities, parliaments, stump oratories, and spouting places in this lower world, be unconsciously wearing, instead of aureoles round their heads, long ears on each side of it? *Carlyle.*

CHAPTER IX

DOCTORS' EARS

When I was a young man, the Peculiars were usually acquitted. . . . To-day all this is changed. . . . A modern doctor thinks nothing of signing the death certificate of one of his own diphtheria patients, and then going into the witness-box and swearing a Peculiar into prison for six months by assuring the jury, on oath, that if the prisoner's child, dead of diphtheria, had been placed under his treatment . . . it would not have died. . . .

Any one who has ever known doctors well enough to hear medical shop, talked without reserve, knows that they are full of stories about each other's blunders. . . .

In surgery all operations are recorded as successful if the patient can be got out of the hospital, or nursing home, alive, though the subsequent history of the case may be such as would make an honest surgeon vow never to recommend or perform an operation again. *Bernard Shaw* : ' *Doctor's Dilemma*, ' Preface.

PART III will deal with what the author of *Happy Thoughts* termed ' Typical Developments.' Let us start with the M.D. as fitted for the place of honour.

A well-educated person is visibly impressed by a man who claims to be familiar with ' the clinical relations of anti-tropic elements,' ' reaction of immunisation,' ' stimulating the phagocytes,' ' the

agglutinin test,' 'the opsonic index,' and 'the disorganisation of erythrocytotropic substances.' The uneducated man is, doubtless, impressed, too, but he keeps his head, and, when it comes to cutting him open or inoculating him, he usually objects. A well-educated man, with money, who has not been operated on internally at least once, and been vaccinated and inoculated, is comparatively rare. The uneducated man, though he often escapes this, is supposed to be the victim of unscrupulous 'quacks.' The question arises, is the unauthorised doctor, on the whole, a greater danger to humanity than the authorised one? Does he do as much harm or kill as many patients?

The unauthorised unorthodox doctor is often a man with great natural aptitude for tending the sick, and without having had his faculties of observation blunted by a five years' course in the fallacies of the day. Some training and some experience are, of course, an advantage to every one; the question is why only one system of medicine should be officially recognised.

Leaving out the 'scientific pretensions,' the great distinction between the fully licensed medical practitioner and all others is that he alone is authorised to sign death certificates. With the inevitable result that the accepted medical fetish of the day seldom, if ever, figures as a cause of death. When, however, the patient of an unorthodox doctor dies, though the patient may have been given up by the orthodox practitioners, an

inquest is called for by the Medical Council, the orthodox man will swear the unorthodox treatment was the main cause of death, and the unorthodox doctor is tried for manslaughter.

A verdict of manslaughter against Harry Burdee, a music teacher and a hydropathist, was returned at the inquest at Fulham on Saturday on Elizabeth Mary Beckerson, of Hammersmith, who died after undergoing a course of treatment prescribed by Burdee for rheumatism.

Burdee ordered that Mrs. Beckerson should have no food for several days and only a little water every few hours. After following the prescription and undergoing other hydropathic treatment for five days, Mrs. Beckerson died, and Dr. Spilsbury stated at the inquest that the deprivation of food had undoubtedly hastened the woman's death, which was due to heart failure. *Daily Express*, August 7, 1916.

Burdee received a sentence of twelve months' hard labour from Justice Low at the Old Bailey, September 7, 1916, yet he had made no false claims of any kind, or done any wrong of any kind. Shortly afterwards, a fully licensed medical practitioner lost a patient under identical conditions, and the same Dr. Spilsbury gave evidence that deprivation of food could not have caused death.

The actual result, unjust as it is, makes the unorthodox practitioner exceedingly careful of his patients, whereas the orthodox man is, as a rule, a mere fee-hunter. It seems extraordinary, in the twentieth century, that one particular school of medicine man—the bacteriological allopath—

should be the only recognised brand, and alone can sign death certificates. Naturally his position is unassailable, and his treatment never comes in for the criticism it would receive, were other medical qualifications recognised in addition to that of the state M.D. The nonconformist in medicine is in a worse position than the nonconformist in religion. Uneducated men will one day achieve for us the same liberty in medicine that they won for us in religion. But the M.D., labelled 'scientific,' and backed by State education, is going to be a nasty nut to crack. However, even the word 'scientific' will not save him for ever. One day, 'scientific,' like 'divine,' will excite suspicion and will only be used in advertisements.

The history of medicine is a constant testimony to the value of the uneducated man. He cannot take all the glory of exploding the king's touch as a cure for scrofula, for this was mainly effected by the change of dynasty in 1688; but, since the king's touch is the only medical remedy that never did any one any harm, the uneducated man had no particular cause to find fault with it. In other medical triumphs, the uneducated man has noticed the results and, refusing to be persuaded against his own eyes, he has 'bust' them up steadily one by one.

It is interesting to take the leading medical men of their age and notice what they believed. John Harvey, the discoverer, I had almost written the inventor, of the circulation of the blood, be-

lieved in the king's touch and bleeding. He was born 1578 and was surgeon to Charles I and James I. Probably, no life was ever saved by Harvey's discovery, or invention, and some deaths may have been caused by overdoing the analogy, and top-speeding the circuit, which those who doubted it would escape. Possibly, an ignorant man who had never heard of his circulation and denied that he had one, might, on the whole, have good reason to be thankful.

The medical fraternity must meddle, whereas the ignorant man is for leaving well alone. The earliest statistics we have are very unfavourable to medicine, but they were not compiled by medical men :

In 1552, at Mentua Carpentaria, three miles from Madrid, two thousand were let blood of and all died.

Buckle.

Since then, the fully licensed medical practitioners compiled their own statistics, and the value of bleeding was soon re-established. In 1824, the medical men successfully bled Byron to death at the age of thirty-six. There was, of course, no mention of bleeding in his death certificate. Uneducated people refused to be bled, and the practice was slowly discarded.

The cultured brigade have no literary reason to believe in doctors, but degrees and long words have always proved too much for a cultivated brain. The literary evidence is all against the physician.

1. *Petronius*, '*Satyr.*' ii. c. 42: *Medicus nihil aliud est quam animi consolatio.* (Doctoring is but a sop to the mind.)

2. *Highly esteemed Latin Proverb*: *Multitudo medicorum certa mors est ægrotantium.* (A number of doctors spells certain death to the patients.)

3. *Pliny* complains that surgeons try experiments on their patients and that a doctor is the only man who may kill people with impunity. (Inge.)

4. *Virgil*, '*Æneid*,' xii. 46: *Ægrescitque medendo.* (And gets worse by being doctored.) Cf. 'The remedy worse than the disease.'

5. *Sir J. Forbes, M.D.*, medical adviser to Queen Victoria, the last modern royalty to die without having been operated on, states: 'It is a subject of rational enquiry not merely to what extent, but whether to any extent at all, dangerous diseases are modified in regard to their mortality by the medical art. Not that individual lives may not have been saved occasionally, but their proportion is too small to modify the general result in a way recognisable by statistics.' (Almroth Wright statistics in favour of the Almroth Wright anti-typhoid vaccine please note.)

6. *Herbert Spencer* ('*Autobiography*,' 1904) states that he had been attended to by half a dozen doctors; none had done him the least good, and some had done him considerable harm.

7. *O. W. Holmes* (1830): I firmly believe that if the whole *Materia Medica* were sunk to the bottom of the sea, it would be all the better for mankind and all the worse for the fishes.

8. *Schopenhauer* (1850) quotes how the real value of a doctor may be derived from the fact that we see him die, and not from old age, and without being in the least surprised.

9. *Shakespeare* (1590): Throw physic to the dogs.

10. *Leonardo da Vinci* (1519), '*Textes choisis*': How many men aim at making a fortune in order to give it to the doctors—the wreckers of life!

11. *Balthazar Gratian* (1647): Neither fate nor the mob are so bold against two. Hence the wise physician, if he has failed to cure, looks out for some one, who, under the name of a consultation, may help him to carry out the corpse.

12. *Molière's Works* (1650) show he couldn't abide a doctor.

So much for the literary evidence. To continue the enquiry into the medical celebrities themselves, perhaps the greatest celebrity after John Harvey, would be Sir Thomas Browne, M.D., the first titled medicine man. His statue at Norwich states:—

Thomas Browne, M.D., et Miles, A° 1605
 Londoni natus . . . Per orbem notissimus
 Vir Plentissimus, Integerimus, Doctis-
 simus, obiit, Oct 19, 1682.

Which means that he was soldier and doctor, too; that he was notoriously learned and that there was plenty of him (*plentissimus*). He believed in king's touch, bleeding and burning witches. Some of his other beliefs can be guessed from *Collectanea Medica*, London, 1725, probably the first standard medical work known in England. The nature of the 'sovereign remedies' adopted by the profession can be gathered from p. 25 :—

For quinsy, powder of burnt owls, one drachm ;

cats' brains, two drachms; dried and powdered blood of white puppy dogs, two drachms.

For colic, wolf's guts dried and powdered, two drachms; old man's urine, three drachms; sheep's excrements, two drachms. A sovereign remedy.

For more serious complaints, the remedy was king's touch or bleeding. The objection to this work was that the 'sovereign remedies' were published in English. The medical men did not repeat the mistake, and the exact materials of pure glycerinated calf-lymph or the Almroth Wright anti-typhoid vaccine are veiled in mystery; one is some form of horse-grease cow-pox and the other is a germ-broth of some kind derived from human excrement. Whether in 1725, or 1916, the M.D. seems a 'dirty dog.' The curious thing about Sir Thomas was that his antipathy to ignorant men caused him to compile a book called *Vulgar Errors*. His own errors, of course, were culture: cf. for colic, wolf's guts dried and powdered, administered to all the leading families.

The next great titled medical celebrity would perhaps be Baron Dimsdale, M.D., a very distinguished medical practitioner. He secured the largest fee ever paid to any professional man, whether doctor, lawyer, pimp, attorney or churchman, who have all earned big fees in their time for services rendered. In 1769, Dr. Dimsdale, as he then was, inoculated with smallpox Catherine II of Russia and her favourite Potemkin. In other words, in accordance with the best medical tenets

of the time, he gave them both smallpox, and he, doubtless, felt sure they would like it. For this he actually 'trowsered' £12,000 in cash, with an annuity of £500 a year, and the title of baron thrown in. By 1840, if Baron Dimsdale had performed a similar feat in England, he would have been locked up; for the valuable remedy of giving people smallpox had, owing to its pernicious results, become illegal. The remedy was introduced into England from Turkey by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, in 1718. In one of her letters from Constantinople she said, rather wittily, that the Turks took smallpox much as other nations took waters. By 1754, the Royal College of Physicians were disappointed at the remedy not being in more general use, and they were particularly astounded at the apathy of the uneducated classes. Our uneducated people, you see, refused to swallow the remedy. Accordingly, the leading physicians published a manifesto stating smallpox inoculation 'to be highly salutary to the human race.' Before that, they must have compiled valuable statistics, for so brilliant a thinker as Voltaire was evidently much impressed with the eloquence of their testimony and the convincing nature of their figures. Thus in his *Letters on England* (1726-1729), he states:—

It [smallpox] does not prove fatal to so much as one among those inoculated in England, unless the patient be infirm, or would have died had not the experiment been made upon him.

Yet in 1840, the practice was made illegal! If, in 1769, Baron Dimsdale had become doubtful as to whether he was justified in presenting Catherine of Russia, and her favourite Potemkin, with an attack of smallpox, and if he had wired to the Royal College of Physicians for advice, they would have wired back: 'Ignoramus, not a moment to lose, give it her at once.' Anyway she got it, and so did Potemkin.

The Royal College of Physicians, till close on 1900, must have published some eloquent testimony on the value to humanity of brandy, port, burgundy and alcohol generally; so much so that temperance folk had to pay an extra rate for insuring their lives. People who were 'run down' were ordered by their medical advisers to drink port and burgundy and 'tone up' the system; they frequently regretted it. Temperance folk, of little education, said, with some truth, that those vintages would only 'tone up' the nose. The new doctor with his 'scientific' microscope and his myriads of microbes has changed his doctrines, but he has not, therefore, altered all medical traditions and suddenly become right. The fact is that certain microbes are the symptoms of a disease and not the cause. The medicine man thinking otherwise is nothing in favour of his germ theory. Even if he succeeds in giving a man a disease by injecting into him the symptoms in a concentrated form, what does he actually prove, except that he is a 'dirty dog'?

We now come to the great Edward Jenner, M.D., sometimes called the Cow-pox King, who has a statue in Kensington Gardens. *The Oracle Encyclopædia* refers to him thus:—

After a long series of careful experiments, he established the truth of the local tradition that one who had suffered from cow-pox was insusceptible to smallpox. He discovered what variety of cow-pox offered the best protection and in 1796 made the experiment which has resulted in such benefit to mankind. . . . He was elected honorary member of nearly all the scientific societies and received a grant of £20,000 from Parliament, in addition to previous grants, and another of £7,000 from India.

Apparently, then, the two great precursors of the 'scientific' inoculation system, of rendering a man immune from disease by giving him one or two in advance, were directly derived (*a*) from some non-reading Turks, and (*b*) from some Gloucestershire dairy-maids. Now though these two remedies were never accepted, in any degree worth mentioning, by uneducated people, the fact of their having originated in that quarter affords presumptive evidence that they had some basis in fact, and were not pure 'scientific' discoveries deduced from torturing thousands of unfortunate animals or anything of that kind. Uneducated people do not invent a theory, or manufacture one out of speculative inquiries; they see something occur, and may mistake the cause of it, as we all may. This is what happened to those dairy-maids. It seems the

case, as is natural, that people do not catch two diseases at the same time. If you already have measles, you may escape an epidemic of mumps, and if you are suffering from diphtheria, you may escape an attack of smallpox. Not that disease experts have not occasionally been known to catch two diseases, but it is exceedingly rare. Consequently, some farm hands in Gloucestershire who were suffering from severe cow-pox may well have escaped an epidemic of small-pox, and more than once. Hence the justifiable tradition of the Gloucestershire dairy-maids that cow-pox was a protection. The non-reading Turks may have made a similar discovery with regard to some milder form of smallpox than the particularly poisonous brand of it common in the streets of Constantinople. Hence the 'scientific' system of inoculating with disease, which can only achieve a fictitious success if you have the inoculated ailment badly enough when the epidemic appears. But if the epidemic occurs when you are still run down, and weakened by the inoculation, though not ill with it, you are much worse off than you would be otherwise. This is the 'scientific' bacteriological system. These 'scientists' inject various germs into an animal till it is too unwell to be susceptible to a certain disease to which it is exposed in every possible way. The poor beast is then said to be immune, and probably wishes it wasn't. Various filth vaccines are manufactured by these means and injected into man, who is advised to repeat the

standard doses at short intervals. He is thus weakened for life and rendered liable to new ailments far nastier than anything he knew of before. And yet Mr. Bernard Shaw can truly say:—

I presume nobody will question the existence of a widely spread popular delusion that every doctor is a man of science.

This cannot be denied, and, as long as the orthodox doctor retains his monopoly of the death certificates, he will not only murder you, but have you indicted for manslaughter unless you call him in, should occasion arise. In uneducated people lies our only hope of salvation. They never in any large numbers accepted either the Turco-Dimsdale smallpox or the Jenner horse-grease cow-pox. So hope lies there.

What every sensible man should ask himself is whether the medical testimony officially pronounced by the Royal College of Physicians, in 1749, in favour of inoculation with smallpox, is in any way less reliable than that pronounced in 1823 in favour of inoculation with cow-pox. In 1824, if the physicians in Greece had asked that college what to do with Byron, they would have wired back: 'Bleed him.' The physicians did so and killed him. In 1840, inoculation with smallpox was made an offence at law, and in 1853 inoculation with cow-pox was made compulsory. In 1908, a clause was inserted in the Vaccination Act granting a parent a sort of dog licence to keep an

unvaccinated baby in the house provided he applied to the proper authority within four months of birth. Even this small favour was opposed by a minority of fourteen members of amazing culture and corresponding bigotry, including *Sir H. Craik*, M.A. Oxford, LL.D., Glasgow and St. Andrews, M.P. Glasgow and Aberdeen Universities, educated High School, Glasgow, Glasgow University, Balliol College, Oxford, honours in classics and history, and senior examiner at Whitehall; *J. F. P. Rawlinson*, K.C., LL.B., LL.M., Recorder of Cambridge, educated Eton, Trinity College, 1st Class Law Tripos; *Sir John Batty Tuke*, M.D., F.R.C.P.S., F.R.S.E. LL.D. Edinburgh, D.Sc. Dublin, M.P. Edinburgh and St. Andrews Universities (*significant publication*: 'Insanity of over-exertion of the brain'); *George Cave*, K.C., J.P., D.L., V.L., B.A. Oxford, Scholar St. John's Oxford, Taylorian Exhibitioner, First Class Moderations and Final Classical School, Inner Temple Scholar, Recorder of Guildford; *Sir A. Bignold*, LL.B., F.R.Z.S., F.R.G.S., J.P., Scholar and Prize-man, Trinity Hall, Cambridge. *All well earmarked by letters!*

By 1940, inoculation with cow-pox (vaccination) may be an offence at law. In 1906, 1907, 1908 and 1910, there were more deaths from vaccination than from smallpox. In 1914, the last year for which there are official figures, there were six deaths from vaccination, and four from smallpox. A death from vaccination has to be very

soon after the injection, or no orthodox practitioner, even an honest one, is going to mention it in the death certificate. You can hardly expect the orthodox practitioner to condemn his own remedy which makes every baby vaccinated worth at least 7s. 6d. to him, in cash, together with the subsequent complications that nearly always ensue. Probably, for every mention of vaccination yet made in a death certificate, there have been at least a thousand cases where it should have been made. There is, of course, such a thing as an honest doctor, just as there is such a thing as an honest politician; but the standard is low.

The orthodox medical aspect is adopted by Maine in *Popular Government* (1885) :—

Even in our day vaccination is in the utmost danger, and we may say generally that the gradual establishment of the masses in power is of the blackest omen for all legislation founded on scientific opinion, which requires tension of mind to understand it and self-denial to submit to it.

You see 'scientific' opinion. And why is more tension of mind needed to believe in cowpox than to doubt it? The cultured craze for protecting uneducated people from the effects of their ignorance is one of the most amazing superstitions ever foisted upon mankind. It should be the other way on, and it is the educated people, 'the mainstay of all superstitions,' who need to be protected, and particularly from the fully qualified medical practitioner.

After Jenner we come to Lord Lister, M.D., the founder of the Lister Institute for torturing animals, and the great inventor of anti-septic treatment in surgery. He is described in Jack's *General Information*, 1908, as follows:

LISTER, JOSEPH, b. 1827, a distinguished surgeon who occupied the post of ' Surgeon-extraordinary ' to Queen Victoria, who in 1896 created him a baron. He is one of the leading authorities in bacteriology, and is famous as the introducer of the anti-septic treatment in performing surgical operations.

He hasn't been dead long, but his anti-septic treatment was buried before he was. One should never be down on a good surgeon. They are almost invariably beautifully shaved, and they do it themselves, quickly; they can cut a ham in a way that all ham-lovers love. There is no doubt a good surgeon is very handy, and if you can only induce him to clean his instruments he is quite a useful fellow. He has, of course, the brains of a butcher, but we should not mind that. A good butcher has points, and one with his own slaughter-house, who played 'snooker' in the evenings, would make a first-class surgeon, and *vice versa*. Sir F. Treves, Surgeon to King George, and Sir W. Watson Cheyne, President of the Royal College of Surgeons, both cut hams gloriously. They would have been first-class butchers, and would have been highly respected in their villages, as good men at either carving a joint or at 'snooker' at the Blue Anchor in the evenings. So far so

good, but when surgeons claim to be men of science you can only smile. And that is what happened to Lister. Lister, not content with carving people, insisted on being no mean 'scientist,' in fact an imperial 'scientist.' Oh the pity of it! Accordingly, though he was too fine a butcher to be accused of 'studying' the germ theory of disease, he caught it and he caught it broad-gauge.

He took for granted that all the surgical fevers and heavy death-rates in vogue in the hospital wards of that day were due to these mysterious 'germs of disease' rather than to the filthy and scandalous conditions by which the patients were surrounded. So he invented a steam apparatus to carbolise the atmosphere and kill all the germs in the operating theatre, used carbolic acid solutions to douse the wounds, and the carbolic dressings to apply to them. *Walter Hadwen, J.P., M.D., L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S., L.S.B., etc.*

Few germs survived the Lister carbolisers, and no more did many patients; for the same thing that destroyed the patients' germs also destroyed the patients' tissues. This astonished Lister, but, like the inspired imperial 'scientist' he was, he 'scientifically' killed numbers and numbers of patients before the scientific induction was complete enough to warrant him in giving it up. Nothing carbolic ever appeared in their death certificates. But, in spite of this, he eventually stopped anti-septing and contented himself with pure cleanliness in wounds and instruments—a

system just commencing in the orthodox medical profession, and hitherto regarded as a fad of the herbalists and other peculiar people. This was called the a-septic treatment. It is words make the 'scientist,' and Lister was determined to be a 'scientist.' So, as he could not be an anti-septic 'scientist,' he became an a-septic 'scientist.' He was, of course, simply a successful butcher. If an unorthodox practitioner had been allowed a say in the death certificates of those first 'scientifically' treated with the new anti-septic treatment, the 'science' would have ceased far sooner.

Sir W. Watson Cheyne, who would have been an ornament to Smithfield, like Lister, wants to be a scientist. And at the present moment (October, 1916) he is on the pursuit of anti-septics for wounds and gangrene. Sir Almroth Wright has told him that surgeons don't think and that thought is done in the laboratory and that he (Watson) is suffering from 'confused cerebration and deficient logic.' This last point is, of course, true enough with all successful surgeons, but, as to a laboratory being the home of thought, there is more dirty work than pure thought done in a laboratory. Also, Sir Almroth Wright is forgetting that Surgeon Sir Frederick Treves, and Surgeon Sir W. Watson Cheyne, and Surgeon J. Hodson (President of Edinburgh Royal College of Surgeons) were induced to sign a leaflet in favour of the Almroth Wright anti-typhoid vaccine, which declared that 'with proper care it had never done

any one any harm.' The surgeons signed this leaflet in the 'scientific' spirit, *i.e.* on the Almroth Wright 'scientific' evidence and without insisting on being given the two standard injections themselves. If the surgeons had remembered that they were non-thinkers, and far better judges of actual effects than of long words, and had actually had the two injections inside them, they would not, I fancy, have signed the leaflet. The value of 'scientific' thought is shown in the fact that carving and operations have improved enormously, while the 'scientific' germ theory of disease is slowly inoculating our race to death. Some of our soldiers have been inoculated eight times, and because, after this, their wounds, naturally enough, fester, they are supposed to want an anti-gangrene inoculation as well! Heaven help them, but they get one! The butcher part of doctoring is so excellent that it is over-done; the 'scientific' part is appalling. Dentistry is first-rate, because it is all derived from practice and there are no books on it. The 'scientific' dentist, when one appears, will be a man to avoid.

Lastly we come to the great twentieth century celebrity, Sir Almroth Wright, the eminent inventor of the Almroth Wright anti-typhoid vaccine. He has got most of the surgeons and most of the medical fraternity to swallow it, but the uneducated men say: 'No.' Many soldiers have been killed by it and many more maimed for life, but it's 'scientific,' and scientific induction takes a

long time to warrant a conclusion in any direction. So many people nowadays die a 'scientific' death that a few more or less are accepted as a portion of science. The vaccine is sanctioned and recommended by the Royal College of Physicians, for they adopt all remedies that bring fees. Waiting for a man to catch a disease, before he attends to him, is far too slow a process for a 'scientific' doctor; he catches the man and gives him a disease 'right away' and tells him he is immune.

An unlearned man has always imagined that, the fewer diseases he has had, the stronger and healthier he shows himself to be. An ignorant man may be sometimes heard to boast that he has never had a day's sickness in his life, and such a one, on wishing to join the army, has been startled to hear that he is not sound enough to serve his King, and that he must have had small-pox or cow-pox (successful 'vaccination') at least once, and that he must consent to be given one or two other ailments by means of injection. The ignorant man thinks this nonsense, and so do most uneducated people. They are, as usual, right. They always have been right, so far, in their distrust of doctors.

The unorthodox doctor does not want to give men diseases. He seems also superior to the fully licensed practitioner, morally. Mr. Barker (not M.D.), the great bone-setter, the saviour of hundreds of cripples, offered his services to our soldiers, free. The medical authorities rudely refused his services, while Sir Almroth Wright (M.D.) wanted

and obtained £5,000 a year for his services. So our soldiers are taxed an extra £5,000 a year to have gangrene injected into their system, instead of having their bones set, free. Soldiers now have their blood 'scientifically' poisoned by no less than eight vaccines.

The vaccines on sale at the Vaccine Department, R.A.M.C. College, Grosvenor Road, London, S.W., include typhoid, para-typhoid, cholera, pneumococcus, b. coli, acne, anti-sepsis, anti-gangrene, anthrax and others. The fully licensed medical practitioners persist in dubbing every man a 'quack' who is not professionally interested in the sale of these vaccines, and who has not gone through a five years' course of believing in them. The result is the Doctor's Ear, and a very nasty one it is. It wants operating on with an anti-septic 'scientific' treatment and the Lister carbolic.

CHAPTER X

LITERARY EARS

The compulsory exertion of the brain, in studies for which it is not fitted, dulls the brain. The learning of Latin and Greek, from the sixth to twelfth years, lays the foundation of the stupidity of most scholars. *Schopenhauer*.

Is it true that the opinions on books and authors to be found in literary journals and literary memoirs, represent the views of humanity at large, and, if not, is there any reason why we should continue to accept them? Judged by the observations of literary authorities, Fanny Burney should be as interesting now as she seemed to be to Macaulay when he wrote his essay about her. Jane Austen should be a topic of interest in any house where books are read. *Tom Jones* should be a novel that every intelligent person has revelled in at least once. Smollett should be a sheer delight to young and old, whether in a hammock on the lawn or confined to a sick-bed. Any essay by Hazlitt or De Quincey should stimulate the cerebral cells and rekindle anew fading memories. And, as for Homer and Virgil, such transcendental joys as those must

be left to an abler pen than mine. Yet, to be honest, except *Murder as a Fine Art* (De Quincey) and *The Ignorance of the Learned* (Hazlitt), nothing in this list would appeal to me or to many other every-day folk ordinarily met with. Is this necessarily some deficiency on our part?

An eminent literary authority, some years ago, stated that it was worth while learning Spanish in order to enjoy *Don Quixote* in the original. Is this statement true? Is it true of 1 per cent. of those educated at our public schools? I doubt it. The cause is more than taste and is due to a different mental standard. Luckily for the nation, ordinary people are not silly enough to care for that particular brand of silliness. With the world at large, the reputation of *Don Quixote* is purely traditional, and rests on its being always praised and never quoted. Next time a man praises it to you, ask him to read out in English some of his favourite pieces. You will be amazed at the stuff he can admire. So with Homer, so with Virgil. Literary opinion must be some fungoid growth, born of over-reading, from which ordinary folk are free.

A rich insight into what literary men admire is given by Sir John Lubbock's list of the hundred best books. This list, for the sake of our children, should be burnt at once by the common hangman. In the year 1886, Sir John Lubbock (since, Lord Avebury) gave an address, at the Working Men's College, *On Books and Reading*, in which this list

was made public, and subsequently met with the approval of men of letters. Here are a few of the items :—

Mahâbhârata, *Râmâyana*, the *Shahnameh*, the *She-King* or *Chi-King* (not the *Shoo-King*), Kalidasa's *Sakuntala*, Cervante's *Don Quixote*, Homer, Horace, Virgil, Herodotus, Thucydides, Tacitus, Livy, Aristotle, the Koran, Confucius, the Bible (in Hebrew ?), Epictetus, St. Augustine, Spinoza's *Tractatus*, Sophocles, Æschylus and Malory's *Morte D'Arthur*.

Fancy anybody at the Working Men's College, or anywhere else, wanting to read many of those ! A stalwart, who stuck to it gamely, at home and elsewhere, in trains, trams, tubes, and buses, and who eventually read the lot, would have in him the making of a first-class ass. Of the two courses, 'twere better to read none than all. Then, note the slovenly way in which the list has been compiled. For instance, in the absence of information to the contrary, one may suppose that every book in the list should be read in the language in which it was originally written. If a translation is meant, whose should be stated, for this is most important. Men of letters are always wanting to educate grocers, but no grocer ever compiled a provision list quite as inaccurately as the Lubbock book list. When a grocer puts strawberry jam on his list, he is careful to add the maker, Crosse & Blackwell, Beach, Lipton and so on, as the case may be. Sir John Lubbock's list simply says 'Bible.' Does this mean the Hebrew book con-

taining the old Testament only, and no Gospels, or our version of 1611, or the Revised Version completed in 1885? The question may well be asked, for the list goes out of its way to make the matter as involved as possible. In some cases, the titles of the books are translated into English, and, in some cases, they are not. Dante's *Divina Commedia* is found close to the *Meditations* of Marcus Aurelius, as if one should be in Italian and the other in English. A similar course is followed with the plays of Æschylus; with one play an English title is given, with another play the title is in Greek. Are they to be read in Greek or English? Then you will find *Dryden's Poems*, *Scott's Poems*, and *Gray's Poems*, but in the case of Burns, it is simply *Burns*. No other English author is treated that way except Shakespeare. He is on the list as *Shakespeare*. Does this include all his plays, all his poetry, his correspondence about his alleged coat of arms, his will, his stray doggerel, and his 152 sonnets? One hopes not.

When you remember that the list was compiled for an English Working Men's College, it seems extraordinary how large a proportion of the books could only be read by a Mexican, a Parsee or a man of colour. Surely it is no part of the white man's burden to make the black man read. And, if so, why the hundred best books? However, better him than us. What a ridiculous list it is! As historians, Livy, Tacitus and Thucydides all get a place, but not Buckle or Lecky. In poetry,

those two antique incomprehensibles, Chaucer and Edmund Spenser, are mentioned, but not Fitzgerald's *Omar Khayyám*. In religion, the *Koran* figures, which is described by Schopenhauer: 'This wretched book . . . the saddest and poorest form of Theism . . . I have not been able to discover one single valuable thought in it.' Ah well, the work may have been meant as a companion for *Robinson Crusoe* and the *Arabian Nights*, which both find a place. Charles Lamb is omitted, and so is *Alice in Wonderland*. In philosophy, Lewes's *History of Philosophy* and Smiles's *Self Help* adorn the so-called immortals, but not Schopenhauer nor Herbert Spencer. Sir J. Lubbock rigorously disqualified any author who was not dead; but, if he could not trust himself to judge of living authors, this does not seem to specially qualify him as a judge of those deceased. The proverb, 'Dead men tell no tales,' hardly applies in his case, for he would not look at a tale not told by a dead man. A bas-relief of the Lubbock Avebury ear, in bronze, should be nailed over the door of every free library in England.

Surely nothing but an extraordinary perversity of taste would enable a man to read the hundred best books! Once this has been realised, then the literary ear becomes suspect. Take a well-known book such as *Germany and England*, by Professor Cramb:—

Germany has one of the greatest and most profound schools of poetry—yet how many Englishmen have

the secret of its high places, or access to its templed wonders? Since the decline of Alexandria there has been no such group of daring thinkers as those of Germany in the later eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries; yet to most English men and women the *Critique of Pure Reason* and the larger version of Hegel's *Logic* are sealed as the *Enneads* of Plautus.

Not a single quotation is given from any of those 'templed wonders,' and I am inclined to be doubtful as to how wonderful they really are. How daring, for instance, were the daring thinkers of Alexandria? Were they as daring as, say, our anti-vaccinators who from 1843 to 1908 not only risked confluent smallpox predicted as their inevitable portion by all our leading doctors, but also suffered constant fines and imprisonment, plus endless abuse and additional fees for insuring their lives? Those men seem to me daring thinkers. Why should some antique incomprehensibles alone enjoy the term? Try another piece from Cramb:—

Not a page of Treitschke's greatest work has yet been translated; yet his history of the first stages of Prussia's wrestle for supremacy, his literary essays, and his lectures on political theory, excite a more ardent curiosity in modern Germany than the essays and history of Macaulay did in mid-Victorian England. Giesebrecht's great history of the early empire, with its vivid portraiture of the tragic figures of the Saxon and Suabian lives, is still inaccessible to all but a small minority of Englishmen; and its companion work, a masterpiece at once in erudition and in thought, as well as one of the most alluring of books, the *Verfassungsgeschichte*, are there fifty

Englishmen living who have turned its grave and weighty pages or even heard its name ?

On the analogy of Lubbock's hundred best books, few sensible people should have any desire to read Treitschke, Giesebrecht or the *Verfassungsgeschichte*. Surely, instead of asking if fifty Englishmen have ever heard the name of this last, the professor might quote a line or two for us. We might have enjoyed them. The ears of literature rarely risk this, and they may be wise in their generation, for some of their samples are not winners. Sir M. E. Grant Duff relates how, at a dinner-table, Swinburne gave it as his opinion that the two finest lines in the English language were in Browning's *Sordello* :—

As the king-bird with ages in his plumes
Travels to die in his ancestral glooms.

Few, on this, can have been in any hurry to sample *Sordello*. In the introduction to *Old Familiar Faces*, we are told how the voice of Theodore Watts Dunton, the friend of Tennyson, Meredith, Swinburne, Rossetti, Morris, Matthew Arnold and Borrow, would falter with emotion when quoting his favourite passage from Keats. The quotation is :—

Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Theodore Watts Dunton, the friend of the eight poetic Dreadnoughts previously mentioned, con-

sidered these lines to be the finest in English poetry. What do you think of them?

Professor Cramb, by not quoting, avoids your verdict. He alludes to Goethe 'as perhaps the most serene artist in words since Sophocles.' Nothing, however, from either author is given in support of this statement. Should we then accept it? German is certainly a clumsy and uncouth language to be serene in, and so is Greek, and it seems odd that the two 'most serene artists in words' should have selected those two languages for such a purpose.

The reason why so many famous writers never die, the reason why so many so-called masterpieces bloom perennial, the reason why the memories of Plato and Aristotle linger so long, is not, as Lord Haldane asserts, owing to a Hegel, a Prantl and a Zeller, but because they are not read; they are 'studied.' When an author is 'studied,' he is too profound to be quoted. Then he is safe, for no one ever hears 'the templed wonders' on which the reputation rests. Professor Cramb, like so many educational authorities, judges of value more by the name of the sayer than by what was said. By these means, whole libraries become store-houses of pellucid thoughts. Herbert Spencer entered a *caveat* against excessive study or excessive reading:—

The mischiefs of 'Cram' (*not the professor*) are often heard of, but insistence on them seems to produce no effect. . . . The minds of the young,

overburdened with useless knowledge, will presently exhibit the effects of measures which might fitly be called measures for the increase of stupidity.

Otium sine litteris est mors (leisure without a taste for letters is death), said Seneca. The observation is not true, without many qualifications, except in the slave epoch, when business and manual labour were practically forbidden. A man of leisure would not have been able, in Rome, to attend to his garden himself and mend his fences and build a tool-house. Seneca's observation is inapplicable to-day when drink is not, as Macaulay held, the only alternative to letters. A truer remark would be that a taste for letters without leisure is hell. Why, then, increase it artificially? Men of letters should realise that it is possible to think with the hands as well as with the ears, and there is no necessity to be dull because you do not read. A day will dawn when 'well-read,' of a mind, will be a term of contempt, something resembling 'boose-born' as applied to an ode. My hope is to help the arrival of this wished-for day.

CHAPTER XI

LAWYERS' EARS

That we, the independent, determined, self-ruling English, should daily behold the giant abominations of our judicial system, and yet do nothing to rectify them, is really quite incomprehensible. It is not as though the facts were disputed ; all men are agreed upon them. The dangers of law are . . . the experience of him who said he had only twice been on the verge of ruin ; once when he had lost a lawsuit, and once when he had gained one. *H. Spencer.*

LAW as an institution for the benefit of lawyers seems a curious commentary on civilisation, and not, one hopes, permanent. To hear our moral reformers talk, whether episcopal or martial, one would imagine that gambling and debauchery spelt ruin to a nation. Yet bad and expensive law does infinitely more harm ; and, provided the administration of justice was what it ought to be, considerable sums might be spent annually in encouraging vice without doing us any damage worth mentioning. That this should not be universally realised is because our moral reformers will read sermons instead of thinking for themselves.

The first basis of law lies in Mr. J. C. Spence's *dictum* that no one should be punished until a definite wrong has been proved to have been done to a definite person. This is not recognised at all. The second basis is, that if we have been wronged, it should be our interest to go to law. If going to law does not pay, the wrong-doer is encouraged. Now, our legal system does not recognise either of those two points. If a woman is fined £25 for stealing goods from a shop, the shopman does not get the money, and if a man is fined £25 for assaulting you, you do not get the money. The only man who gets any money is the lawyer. He sees to that by having made it illegal for any one to be represented except by a member of the legal profession, whose fees rank before the debts due to other creditors. When you go to law, you must employ a firm of solicitors, a senior counsel and a junior counsel, and, should you lose, you have to pay the expenses of both sides. Such a system is a direct encouragement to rogues, but our leading politicians do not mind that, provided we enjoy free compulsory education.

With free trade in law, restrictions on natural aptitude would be removed far more effectively, and also more justly, than by compulsory education. We have, born among us, native geniuses in law, just as we have in medicine, whose natural bent cannot come to light. Remove the restrictions, give us free trade, let us be represented by whomsoever we choose. If the horse-hair

brigade, who took their honours in law, and ate their dinners at the bar, are so valuable, let us discover this for ourselves. It seems odd that the K.C.'s and M.D.'s should be the men so sure of the value of certain educational courses, and also the men who refuse to risk a contest in the open market. The value of a course of studies, lasting from three to five years, is really an inheritance from the pre-book era, when it was difficult to find out anything without personal interviews. Cheap reference books and encyclopædias have altered all that, and information is now open to everybody. A man who hangs about the courts for a few weeks, and picks up the procedure, has most of the knowledge that he wants. The rest would depend on natural aptitude. There are thousands of men, not at the bar, who can state a case, and conduct a case, and frame an act, better than our lord chancellor. Why then need the lord chancellor be a lawyer? If the chancellor of the exchequer can be a solicitor, as he was; if the secretary of state for war can be a K.C., as he was; if the first lord of the admiralty can be a barrister, as he was; and if the prime minister can be a lawyer, as he is, why should not the Lord Chancellor be a sailor? Anything for a change. The legal gentry, as things are, have certain posts, entirely to themselves, with no corresponding allowances elsewhere. If these aren't open to us, ours should not be open to them. Note this:—

Lord Chancellor	.	.	£10,000 a year, and pension of £5,000 a year.
Attorney-General	.	.	7,000 a year, and fees and pension.
Solicitor-General	.	.	6,000 a year, and fees.
Lord Advocate, Scotland	.	.	5,000 a year
Solicitor-General, Scotland	.	.	2,000 a year.
Lord Chancellor, Ireland	.	.	6,000 a year.
Attorney-General, Ireland	.	.	5,000 a year.
Solicitor-General, Ireland	.	.	2,000 a year.
Total			£43,000 a year, and fees and pensions.

£43,000 a year of public money reserved for lawyers only, in addition to which we have two ex-Lord-Chancellors drawing £5,000 a year each! No lawyers should be given a salary till they have rectified the law of libel, which, as it stands, is an insult to civilisation.

It seems odd, with a profession specially trained in the meaning of words and their possibilities of distortion, that our legal luminaries should not have devised some means of expression clearer than the methods in ordinary use. But this is not the case. Legal English, in addition to being difficult to understand, bears several meanings and the final one is the one that happens to have commended itself to certain judges, and has usually cost private individuals vast sums of money to obtain. Take the Education Act: the legal English gives education 'in some other manner' as a reasonable excuse for not attending the council school. The Education Board hold this

to mean that the child must pass the council standards for a child of that age, though the education may have been given elsewhere. The magistrates, paid and unpaid, accept this. You may possibly, in a particular case, get the decision reversed at the High Court at a cost of £300 or £400. Now if the lawyers, who drew the Act up for their Government, intended to state that education 'in some other manner' meant education of some other kind, why on earth could not they say so in plain English, even if it took four lines or four sentences instead of four words? In spite of appearances, I cannot believe that all lawyers frame Acts with a view to future fees. The results must be mainly due to the copying of the methods and language of antiquated Acts, which are, in reality, vicious models, and we should be better off had they been drawn up by journalists previously cautioned that each clause should only bear one interpretation. I would willingly back a journalist to do this better than our Lord Chancellors at £10,000 a year. All the Acts, I have read, have been models of how the thing should not be done, and they might be used for this purpose.

Considering that lawyers in practice are occupied with litigation between two parties, plaintiff and defendant respectively, and that all their experience takes this form, it seems incredible that they should not have been the first to see the folly and wickedness of prohibiting something by statute without

the thing being proved in a court of law to be an offence if done by one person to another. In which case, however, no statute is needed, for common law is our remedy without it.

Lawyers should have been the first to realise that Acts framed on some notion of general expedience—or on some imaginary common weal—are wrong in principle and must fail; for, if you, in suffering a hardship, cannot issue a summons against any one, or charge any one as being the cause of your misfortune, your complaint is against the cosmic system, or the creator.

The proper basis of right and wrong, as Mr. J. C. Spence well shows, consists in the proving of a definite wrong against a definite person. That is indeed human justice, and there is no other. Lawyers with all their advantages of education, training and practice have never propounded so very simple and obvious a thesis, which is further evidence of the futility of books.

CHAPTER XII

MACAULAY'S EARS

Tell me not in calf-bound numbers
That, by reading, men grow wise ;
Fourth form boys had better slumber
Than ' cram ' and ' swat ' to win a prize.
When you see some far-famed reader
Highly thought of by his peers,
You can bet the senile bleater's
Merely learnt to grow his ears.

Earthborn.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY, as is often forgotten, was a politician of the Haldane-Birrell brand ; he became Secretary of State for War, and was made a peer, not for his prose, but for the length and fluency of his speeches. He was also a poet. His father, Zachary Macaulay, belonged to one of the sects on Clapham Common so interested in the spiritual welfare of the black. Macaulay himself was the prime and principal propounder of the modern craze that every one is ignorant who does not read books, and that all gifts are to be discovered by examinations. Many of his speeches are devoted to books and education, and inasmuch as his fame as a speaker was only second to

his fame as a writer, some of his addresses in and out of the House of Commons are just worth glancing at.

His worship of the moral value of books and reading is well shown in his address at the opening of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution, November 4th, 1846 :—

There is, I will venture to say, no judicious commanding officer of a regiment who will not tell you that the vicinity of a valuable library will improve perceptibly the whole character of a mess. I well knew one eminent servant of the East India Company, a man of great and various accomplishments, a man honourably distinguished both in war and diplomacy, a man who enjoyed the confidence of some of the greatest generals of our time . . . whom free access of books had, at the most critical period of his life, saved from being a mere smoking, card-playing, punch-drinking lounge.

His audience, whose whole life had been confined to libraries and reading-rooms, here indulged in much hand-clapping, and exchanged with one another bright-eyed animated glances, hinting that, if the Army had only listened to them, our generals would have read more books and won more battles. Macaulay, like people will who are propounding the craze of the day, states an instance of something, that may have happened once, as a lesson for all time, but he gives no definite reason why reading should be the only alternative to drink. Could not the eminent soldier of the

East India Company have taken up cycling, or botany, or spread the gospel, or why didn't he join the band? Off duty, a soldier must be prepared to be, to some extent, a picturesque lounge; otherwise he has mistaken his profession, a profession where, if this be not the attraction, it certainly isn't the pay. An army, where any large proportion of the soldiers were being 'saved' by books, would not inspire confidence. The moral effect of books is entirely imaginary; the fact being that a man watching something, or doing nothing, is not nearly so averse to a sudden call of duty as a man immersed in a book; nor is any one less to be depended on, to do a little more than he need, than is the man dying to return to the page where he left off. Reading is one of the most tempting forms of selfishness, and more men have missed their chances in life by having given way to this tempter than have ever been 'saved' by it. Any encouragement is sinful.

Macaulay is an instance of a man believing in himself to such an extent that whatever he did was to be taken as the best course for all, and, if possible, made compulsory. However, now that he is dead, one begins to wonder what his own generation saw in him. He was so fond of reading, he would read as he walked along the street. This cannot be a good habit, and is very bad for the eyes. His love of examination papers was such that he didn't mind what the examination was in provided there was one. Even if the examination were in

Cherokee verses, he said, the best man would come to the top. I doubt this myself. You might get a Birrell or a Haldane by Cherokee verses, but you would not get a Bright or a Bradlaugh, and a Wellington might well have refused to compete at all; nor would good engine-drivers or cavalry rough-riders be discovered by such means. One of these days, a man who wants to be tested by an examination paper will be regarded as a bad type. Macaulay took honours in all the examinations he entered for, and he twice won the Chancellor medal for verse. Yet this does not necessarily prevent a man being an ass. The fact of the matter is that a strain of 'dottiness' is no handicap in examination papers and even gives a certain *élan* to the answers. It is quite possible that life's winners are not fitted to make marks and display *élan* on paper. They wish for the real thing. They want to do something themselves, and not to tell you what Hannibal said to Antonio before crossing the Alps. To choose a Secretary of State for War by examination papers seems pure wantonness.

In 1847, one of the earliest grants was voted in aid of education. The sum asked for was one of £100,000, and this was opposed by the member for Finsbury. He asked whether this sum might not develop into an annual tax of increasing dimensions, and whether such a scheme was not invading the liberties of the subject and unduly extending the functions of government. We now know that the member for Finsbury was quite right, and his

name, Mr. Thomas Duncombe, deserves recognition. He, however, only secured 47 votes against 372. Macaulay was put up by the Government to answer the member for Finsbury, and he is supposed, on that occasion, to have excelled himself. He stated that every fresh school resembled the building of a fresh iron-clad or a fresh fortress at Portsmouth, and that halls of culture were the fortresses to stop the path of the 'moral distempers inseparable from ignorance.' Poor ignorance! you never did any harm to any one. Moral distempers may arise from poverty, but as the building of schools out of the public pocket makes every one poorer, this seems a method of increasing moral distempers rather than of checking them. And what is ignorance? Not having read Macaulay's essays? Moral distempers, not due to misery, do not arise from ignorance, but from evil dispositions, and evil dispositions are not due to lack of education, or all highly educated people would be nice; but are they? Bacons, Machiavellis and Talleyrands, and countless celebrities in the criminal world, point to a different conclusion.

As an epoch-making argument, Macaulay enumerated all the riots he could remember, particularly Popish plots, and ended with the breaking of the new weaving machinery in Yorkshire. He then asked in a tone of pained, parsonical reproof—

Could such things have been done in a country in which the mind of the labourer had been opened by education; in which he had been taught to revere

his Maker ; taught to respect legitimate authority ; and taught to seek the redress of real wrongs by peaceful and constitutional means ?

But the labourer *was* taught 'to revere his Maker,' and he always has been taught that, and hard. To call this 'opening' the labourer's mind is amusing, considering that the professional object is to close the mind, and not open it, certainly on that subject and probably on a good many others as well. Some people think that more minds have been 'bunged up' by education than education ever opened. Then, most of the religious riots mentioned by Macaulay were entirely due to the labourer being over-particular as to how his Maker had been revered. None of them were due to the labourer's ignorance, or apathy on the subject. Surely this old clap-trap will no longer wash ! If a new invention causes a man to lose his place, through no fault of his own, I defy you to teach him to like it ; and to tell him to 'revere his Maker,' just then, is a bitter mockery of the position. The Government—our party politicians—have the unpleasant duty of making a man, the victim of circumstance, behave himself, and they may have to kill him if he refuses to do so ; and, if they draw their salaries, without doing the job, as they do, they show the futility of education.

Since the labourer's mind was 'opened' by education, he has adopted the doctrine that the less work he does the longer his job lasts. Education zealots consider this is due to ignorance.

They wish to cram the unfortunate man with the Bible, Algebra and Euclid. But where do these come in? Is the man wrong? As a statement, and independent of futurist considerations, what he says seems true. Yet those of us who prefer other workers should be properly protected. In 1907, the accumulated funds of one hundred labour unions amounted to £4,616,230, and the sum is now more. Let them use their own capital and employ themselves. If their theory does not answer, they will starve. No education is needed to tell a man when he is starving. He tells you. You may reply that that is his job, and that the less he does the longer his job will last. He would soon grasp the position.

The peroration of this great speech of Macaulay's on education reads rather curiously in the light of modern experience. It was delivered more or less as follows, in fine style with the head thrown back, and modelled on Demosthenes, Chatham and Mirabeau :—

‘ We are accused,’ he said scornfully, ‘ of compelling men to pay for an education from which they reap no reward. Is there one industrious man, one honest man alive, who derives no benefit, no reward, from living among honest and industrious neighbours rather than among rioters and vagabonds? Is it necessary to appoint a committee to tell us whether knowledge be the ally or the enemy of liberty?’

Here, amid loud and prolonged cheers, he resumed his seat, flushed with pride and ‘ sweating

profusely,' having spoken for an hour and fifty-six minutes. What a pity he has no industrious grandson residing to-day among some 'efficiently educated' trade unionists who have called him a black-leg! He would probably be a safer man and a happier man among rogues and vagabonds. Is Macaulay still regarded as a great mind? He was no friend of liberty. Still, the man could write, and we must not be bigots. The question should rather be how best to enjoy him. Samuel Titmarsh gave us the cue by always calling him Thomas Babbletongue Macaulay or Tom Macaw. The name, 'Tom Macaw,' is a happy one. Murmur it to yourself, once or twice reproachfully, while you take in his more exasperating periods. It works wonders. 'Tom Macaw' may be enjoyed provided you know how, but this is not taught in the council schools.

CHAPTER XIII

ATTIC EARS

Where the Attic bird
Trills his thick warbled notes.

Milton.

ATTIC ears—a typical development among those revelling in the glories of Greece and Rome—will one day be considered a disease and treated with an injection of petrol. The history of Athens is extremely inglorious, and the principal episodes are as follows:—

B.C. 480, burnt by Xerxes; B.C. 404, captured by Sparta. B.C. 338, reduced to subjection by Macedonia. B.C. 86, captured by Sulla, and Rome kept the place going till A.D. 262, when the Goths forced their way in; A.D. 396, Alaric got in, nominally as a guest. From A.D. 600, cosmopolitan Christians changed the temples into churches. The Italians owned it from 1204 till 1456, when the Turks took it over, and the Church of the Virgin was converted into a mosque. In 1687, the Venetians captured it. In 1688, the Turks resumed possession. In 1820, Byron, in poem form, dreamed that Greece might still be free. In 1834, after the war of liberation, Athens again became the capital of Greece. In 1916 the Allies take over the fleet of Greece, and occupy the municipal theatre.

Speculations are rife as to what will be the end of this seat of so much greatness and glory. Possibly it will be handed over to a New York and Chicago combine for a good round sum in cash. Why not?

The Turks have always had a profound contempt for the Greeks and, as they are the nearest residents, they may well be the best judges. The merits of Greek plays have to be taken on trust from scholars. No one who has read a Greek play, in English only, ever has a word to say for it. This seems significant, for such readers did certainly understand every word that they read. Did any one else? 'Shakespeare,' says Schopenhauer, 'is much greater than Sophocles.' And even Goethe he ranked superior to Euripides, whose *Iphigenia* seemed 'crude and vulgar.' So much for Athenian drama.

Plato and Aristotle had the enormous advantage of not being brought up on Adam and Eve and the Bible; Herbert Spencer in his autobiography admits that their works may contain some very fine passages, but, whether these were worth searching for, he thought doubtful.

Plato pronounced the trade of a shopkeeper to be a degradation to a freeman, and he wished it to be punished as a crime. Aristotle declared that, in a perfect State, no citizen should exercise any mechanical art. The Romans accepted this verdict, and Augustus Cæsar condemned a senator to death because he had debased his rank by

taking part in a manufacture (see Lecky: *History of Rationalism*, vol. ii. p. 231).

Plato and Aristotle, in regarding trade as a sin, seem not ahead of their age, and, when they are ahead of their age, there seems more in this to wonder at than to accept.

So much for Greece, 'Mother of arts and eloquence.' Rome is another matter. The Romans, like the English, were performers rather than writers. No real Roman ever wished Rome to become a home of art and flute-playing, or an academy of peripatetic philosophers discussing the *ens rationis* and the *principia cognoscendi*. That sort of thing was left to Athens with its academe, 'its marble nymphs and scrolls of wordy lore.' The real English resemble Romans. They do not want London to be world-famed for her lectures, her halls of science, her preachers, her public statues, or her national galleries. Those things we prefer bad. We pride ourselves on our train service, our shops, our policemen, our Rugby football matches and our race meetings. Bond Street is a national glory. So is the policeman at the corner directing the traffic. The capital of the world, *pace* our meddlesome politicians, should illustrate the fact that vice and vigour have much in common. At Rome, that view of life found a pitch of excellence difficult to imagine; indeed, the B.C. boys declared that all roads led to Rome. The Romans were eventually destroyed by their eminent politicians, much as we shall be.

The mistake, hallowed by historians, is that the fame of Rome rests on her consuls, her ædiles, her writers, and her political celebrities, *i.e.* those who altered the punishments for defacing a statue, changed the *status quo* of the freedman, and entrusted to the virgin her pre-nuptial *dos* to be disposed of according to her testamentary wishes. Such people never made a city. Do you suppose our county councillors, our borough mayors and our politicians represent the men who made London? Do you suppose a nation of Dr. Macnamaras and Rt. Hon. Augustine Birrells would have ever formed an empire? Such people make bad laws and their position is a national disaster.

The fame of Rome rests on the kind of man the average Roman was, whose city was the capital of the world because of his glorious animalism, his vitality and his contempt for culture. Certainly, art, letters and oratory existed at Rome, as in London to-day, and they were taught by Greeks. There was also a culture course at Athens; but what the Roman really thought of the Greek is shown by the epithet *esuriens* (hungry). The 'hungry Greek' was a stock phrase in Rome. Now, in England, as in Rome, no epithet is more withering than 'hungry.' To have done yourself well is nothing against you. But a 'hungry' man suggests the last of the last, no home, no money, no food, no friends and no fortune. When 'Ben' Tillett addressed the hungry strikers a year or two ago on Tower Hill, he took pains not to look

hungry, and he was reported, in the Press, to have been seen dining right royally at Frascati's. He thus testified that his sympathy was not merely stomachic, but mental, aye, and moral. Hungry people may collect hungry people, but their prospective outlook has to be presented on a food basis.

A typical Roman, attending to his own pursuits, is not to be found in Livy or Tacitus, any more than a typical Englishman is to be found in Clarendon, Froude, or even in Thomas Babington Macaulay. To find that, you must know 'What things we have seen, what things there have been, done at the Mermaid.'

In spite of erudite and scholarly romancers, I refuse to believe that young Romans walked down their Via Appia discussing Suetonius and Quintilian; or that they would have showed any wisdom in doing so; or that they spoke of these or of their political celebrities, beyond cursing them to Hades. On the other hand, romancers seem to me wrong in limiting the conversation in ancient Rome to 'By Pollux,' interspersed occasionally with 'What ho! without there.'

Horace, when he jots down what he has just heard in the street, instead of composing odes more lasting than brass, will show that stray thoughts must have been heard in the Appian Way much like what we may hear in Piccadilly:—

Omnibus hoc vitium est cantoribus, inter amicos.
Ut nunquam inducunt animi cantare rogati. Injussi
nunquam desistunt. (The trouble with singers is

that, when their friends ask them to sing, they never comply ; but, when not asked to sing, they never leave off).

The chance thought, the careless phrase, the men of the Mermaid, that is what has been lost to us, lost to us, and not old Postumus, or the volume of Tacitus, or the forgotten oration of Demosthenes. The celebrities traditionally served up to us were, with few exceptions, what we have to-day as ministers, burgomasters and borough mayors. Such people are not interesting. The men who make the world leave nothing behind except the world they make. They seldom publish memoirs. Writers will persist in imagining that the average person is as poor a specimen as his politicians. This is not the case, and never was the case. The average man makes the empire, his politicians make the bad laws, and the bad laws ruin the empire. Then a picture of the average man is caricatured from reminiscences of his politicians. What a wicked libel on humanity ! Really great men are as much above us as the eminent politician is below us.

At ancient Rome, the probability is that neither writing nor reading were much indulged in. The writing was done on stiff parchment, and the ancient writing materials, recently unearthed at Herculaneum, resemble nothing so much as fire-irons ; useful, doubtless, as 'persuaders,' in order to catch the parchment a resounding whack in the middle when it persisted in bulging. This

may account for the complete absence of lightness in ancient writings.

The Latin name for a book (*liber*) really means rind. The Romans wrote only on one side of this rind, or parchment, and stained the back saffron,



Book held by a crowned Poet, (From a Painting at Herculaneum.)

or yellow. The pieces of parchment, when the work was completed, were joined together so as to form one sheet, and then rolled on a staff; hence the word volume (*volumen*). The roll within the rind was strong and solid and embossed at the ends with balls of wood or brass. Reading, under such circumstances, would be no light matter; moreover, there were practically no lamps or candles in Rome, and people who can

read on a fine day, with the sun shining, are only half alive.

The above print, from Smith's *Dictionary of Antiquities*, does not look as if reading were common in ancient Rome. The crowned reader may have read before, but he is not reading as a man who likes it, or is used to it, or has done so often. His position is stiff and he has removed some of his clothes. The fixed set look on his face is most unusual nowadays, unless we are suddenly confronted with an *avis aux voyageurs* in a foreign tongue. Modern people read quite carelessly, as if it were a mere nothing. The incorrigible reader, who reads even when feeding, will be seen holding the book by one corner and with his head at such an angle that one fancies he could read upside down; all of which is very different from the crowned poet in the print.

The Roman idea of greatness resembled our own, and, to be honest, is yours reading? The Romans recognised gladiators, charioteers, warriors, women of statuesque proportions, and 'class' libertines. The best of the latter were the pride of Rome. Dissipation *in loco*, that is a dissipation embarked upon from a sense of duty to yourself, or to others, was ranked by Horace with dying for one's country, and, to both of them, he applies the word *dulce* (heavenly). Such was the spirit that made and animated *Roma*, i.e. Rome. Self-denial or spiritual fervour may make a Mecca or a Jerusalem; municipal socialism may make

a Glasgow or a Birmingham; free trade and free libraries may make a Manchester; but a capital of the world is not made that way. It is not, as the phrase goes, made with hands. The spending of money, profligacy and the higher vices are what distinguish a capital from a provincial town. Athens may have been the home of Art, but people who wanted revelry came to Rome. If you desire visitors of the right sort, visitors with 'money to burn,' visitors who count, this must be realised.

The ancient Romans were performers, non-readers. They spoke the truth and their word was their bond, but their knowledge and culture is the invention of the mediæval high-brow. Nevertheless, these 'ignorant' devils built an aqueduct B.C. 314, and had a water supply, a hundred years before they had any authors or a library. They had no difficulty in making an excellent road straight from one place to another. According to them, to go straight was very simple; the man of culture has quite lost that art and he finds it difficult. The Romans cannot have enjoyed mathematics or intricate calculations, for Roman numerals would be fatal; even to subtract XIX from XXVII does not look by any means simple. However, they managed to trade and prosper without doing sums. Their knowledge of geography was so primitive that they thought the west coast of Spain ran back in a north-easterly direction into the Arctic regions,

and that England was an island on the west coast of France. If they had known how far north Great Britain was, they would have left it alone as too cold for a *civis Romanus*. On arrival, they found it not unfit for human habitation and we were a colony of theirs for 300 years.

The Roman Empire was such a magnificent performance that men of culture have become imbued with an imaginary notion that their authors were also great. Their authors!! Try Virgil! But authors have nothing to do with the greatness of a country, and do not matter one way or the other. Highly educated people will here raise their eyebrows. The trouble with highly educated people is that they will like anything if they have been told how good it is often enough, while they are still young. With Virgil, and all the classic authors, this has been done for them.

Tacitus has been said by a notorious scholar to be a greater legacy to humanity than the Roman Empire itself. What a slander on Rome! The Roman Empire can do without Tacitus. The old camps and Roman roads and remains of Roman villas are far better than books, which will be the ruin of any nation that feeds on them. Still, try Tacitus. I will not insult you by supposing you to be one of those over-educated people who can only read Tacitus in the original. There is by me a volume of his *Annals*, close on 600 pages, translated by Messrs. A. P. Church, M.A. Oxo: , and W. J. Broadribb, M.A. Cantab: whose names,

Church and Broadribb, inspire confidence. Yet Tacitus comes out poorly. Open about the middle, say, p. 289 :—

But as Corbulo could not endure a rival, so Poetus, who would have been sufficiently honoured in ranking second to him, disparaged the results of the war, and said repeatedly that there had been no bloodshed or spoil, that the sieges of cities were only sieges in name, and that he would soon impose on the conquered tribute and law and Roman administration, instead of the empty shadow of a king.

To get your words in an order, even more involved than that necessitated by the construction of your language, is a gift ; and Tacitus had it. Here is another sample from the same page :—

While he was over-running in tedious expeditions districts which could not be held, the supplies which he had captured, were spoilt, and as winter was now at hand, he led back his army and wrote a letter to the Emperor, as if the war was finished, in pompous language, but barren of facts.

My dear Tacitus, it's terrible to make our boys construe you as a means of improving their language, it seems unkind. If my fame as a writer ever ran to my being called the English Tacitus, my hope would be that the man who said it hadn't read Tacitus.

So much for Roman celebrities, who, like our own, display the common vices of the day in their

most repulsive forms. Against this, it may be said the average person is responsible for his celebrities, particularly his senators and his politicians. He is, perhaps, negatively responsible, for not drowning them or cutting their throats, as the ancient Romans occasionally did, but he can hardly be said to be positively responsible for them or their policy. Take ourselves. How many Englishmen, of themselves, ever clamoured for free education, Home Rule, Tariff Reform, Old Age Pensions or an Insurance Act? Very, very few. Naturally, if you offer people bread and circuses, you can hardly expect them to say 'No,' or realise the pernicious effects of such a policy. Probably it was the same at Rome.

Take a case. Supposing the Rt. Hon. Augustine Birrell, King's Counsellor, Privy Councillor, writer, wit and statesman, were held up to you—which he may be a thousand years hence—as typical of England's greatness and a part cause of it, you would ask for cognac. Yet, for century after century, that is how we have treated Rome. An exact prototype of the Rt. Hon. Augustine, at Rome, could only be unearthed by a Mommsen, but Aulus Gellius is not far from the type—yes, they knew it well. Aulus Gellius was a man of good family, who flourished at Rome, A.D. 117–180, about the apex of Roman greatness. After taking the *toga virilis*, he 'studied' philosophy at Athens. His work, *Attic Nights* (*Noctes Atticae*), was written during the long winter evenings in a

country house near Athens. He prefaces his book thus :—

More pleasing works than the present may certainly be found ; but my object in writing this was to provide my children as well as myself with that kind of amusement in which they might properly relax and indulge themselves at the intervals from more important business. . . . Whatever book came into my hand, whether it was Greek or Latin, or whatever I heard that was either worthy of being recorded, or agreeable to my fancy, I took down without distinction, or order.

You see his object. He lived on terms of familiarity with many eminent men of his day, whose names need not now concern us, and he was made a judge. His translator, the Rev. W. Belloc, F.S.A., takes a deal of trouble with *Attic Nights* ; he consults ‘Mr. Porson, the Coryphæus of Greek Literature,’ also ‘Dr. Parr, in whom I found an able instructor,’ and he dedicates the work to the Earl of Orford. It was published in 1745.

There are twenty books of this, and a more dreary collection will never be met with. Nine-tenths of it deal with such matters as ‘Different opinions of Greeks on the number of Niobe’s children,’ ‘Wise and elegant answer of King Romulus upon the use of wine.’ The mental level of the man who could copy out such things is considerably below that of our labour members, which is saying a good deal, and immeasurably inferior to

any bus-driver. And recollect that 'after taking the *toga virilis*, he 'studied' philosophy at Athens.'

A fatal fault of his is the incorrigible habit of writing all his anecdotes in the style adopted by W. S. Gilbert when quoting one of the merrie jests of Hugh Ambrose. In this strain, of which there are thousands, about the least bad of Aulus Gellius's is the following :—

Vol. i. bk. iv. ch. xx.: *Unseasonable jesters were cognisable by the censors; they even deliberated on punishing one who yawned in their presence* :—Among the severities of the censors, examples are recorded of their extreme rigour of discipline. One is this:—The censor extracted a solemn oath concerning wives. It was thus expressed—'You, according to your mind (*ex animi tua sententia*), have you a wife?' A certain jeering, vulgar and ridiculous fellow was about to take this oath, thinking this a fair opportunity for a jest: when, as usual, the censor said, 'You, according to your mind, have you a wife?'—'I have,' says the fellow, 'a wife truly, but not according to my mind.' Then the censor degraded him, and assigned the reason this scurvy jest spoken in his presence.

Another man, who was almost degraded for yawning, escaped. He swore firmly and with conviction :—

That his yawning was reluctant and involuntary, and that he was afflicted with a disease termed the gapes.

Girls sometimes say they have 'got the giggles' but I never heard any one say that they had 'got the gapes.'

Now, imagine this Aulus Gellius type of mind, this collector of quaint and wise sayings, as one of the most eminent men of his day, a student of rhetoric and philosophy, in the most brilliant days of Rome, the friend of all the celebrities, and made a judge! None of the other stories he recounts can even raise a smile. Those were the Birrells of Rome, the men who made the Empire! Two more instances and then good-bye.

Vol. ii. bk. vi. ch. viii. *Memorable Anecdotes of Alexander and Publius Scipio*: . . . Alexander forbade, says Appius, the wife of a conquered enemy, who was a woman of extraordinary beauty, to be introduced to his presence, that he might not touch her even with his eyes.

A pleasant question may therefore be proposed: Who [*? which*] is to be reckoned the most continent, Publius Africanus the Elder, who having taken Carthage, a considerable city in Spain, restored without violation to her father, a blooming virgin of remarkable beauty, the daughter of a noble Spaniard, who had been taken captive and brought to him [*note the appalling arrangement of this sentence*], or Alexander, who refused to see the wife and sister of King Darius, captured in a mighty battle, who had been described to him as very beautiful, and forbade them to be brought into his presence? [*What a tangle!*]

The translator, the friend of Porson and Parr, writes like a scholar, in other words, atrociously.

Possibly he was modelled on Tacitus. Scipio, to continue, receives censure in the pages of Aulus Gellius:—

These verses were written by Cn. Nævius, the poet, against him (Scipio):—

He who carried on great affairs with glory, whose exploits yet live and flourish, who alone is renowned among men, was by his father led away in his shirt from his mistress. . . . This captive maid was not restored to her father, but was 'detained' by Scipio, and used by him for his amorous pleasures.

Note the word 'detained,' which, however, is rather lost in the Latin. You now have had all the best of *Attic Nights*, and you must remember who and what the author was. What do you think of him? Did he conquer England?

And what about Art? some cultured person is itching to enquire. Certainly, one or two emperors of idle habits were Art experts, but that the Romans should be supposed to have been judges of Art, or to have cared about it, is a supposition for which there is no evidence. The tradition rests on the remains of the old city and the ancient buildings. Against this, some of our own old castles and farmhouses are undeniably picturesque, though the owners never cared for Art. Constantinople looks exceedingly beautiful as you approach it from the sea, and, on this analogy, the Turks should love Art. Yet, when they occupied Athens, they made limestone of most of the statues. The English have always

had a fondness for the Turks. The Romans painted their statues with some pigments of coloured wax, laid on with a small trowel, which must have livened them up, and made their Forum as animated as Madame Tussaud's. But if that's Art, what fun to touch up some of those at Westminster! Even Aulus Gellius, in his *Attic Nights*, never mentions Art. He never discusses the comparative merits of Greek and Roman Art, nor compares the Acropolis, the Parthenon and the Propylæe of Pericles at Athens with the Coliseum, the Capitolium and the Tabularium at Rome. Neither does he ever mention statues; yet he was a man of culture, and, while he was at Athens, he must have seen all the statues that there were, and in good condition, with the noses on, etc., which is more than can be done now. His silence is difficult to account for, if he cared for Art.

Nevertheless, Cæsar is reported to have given 80 talents for two pictures by his contemporary, Timomachus, one of which was Ajax, and the other, Medea, meditating the murder of her children. If a talent represents £243 15s., Cæsar must have given £20,000 for those two pictures. Before you let yourself be stunned at so incongruous an act on Cæsar's part, you should remember it may have been a pose, or it may have been due to an oft-repeated desire of Mrs. Cæsar's to have those pictures. Women are extraordinary about Art. American millionaires are far too sensible to give £80,000 for an old master if it

wasn't for their wives. Women love Art, not in a gallery, specially built for pictures, but in the home, where all is snug and cosy. Considering any old master can be copied perfectly for a few pounds, and made to look fresher and brighter as well, 'tis time the £80,000 idiocy ceased. No uneducated man ever was so foolish.

Roman architecture may be imposing, but it was not due to artistic inspiration craving an outlet, nor did the ancient Romans particularly admire it themselves. They built that way because they knew no other way. In old days, the first attempt at architecture was probably a pillar, then two pillars, then two pillars connected and then a portico. Mankind gradually improved on this, and a modern villa with little wooden balconies and plenty of windows, of various shapes and sizes, seems as nice a building as you can want. Ancient architecture has revived in the Piccadilly Hotel and Selfridge's, but it seems an absurd anachronism. There is far too much fuss about ancient Rome, the city, the authors, and the senators. We should keep our admiration for the average unlearned Roman, who was one of the best of men and an eternal glory. The following anecdote is worth more than a laugh:—

'Now, Sadie,' said the mother proudly, 'fore ever you rest, you sit right down an' write up your diary, an' send a picture postcard to your popper.'

Sadie pouted, and produced a picture postcard from her writing-case.

'Guess the diary can wait,' she said, decisively, 'but I'll send pop a line,' and then she paused, pen in hand. 'Say mammer, what's the name of this place, anyway?'

'Rome, my pet. An' remember tell your popper you've seen the Collosseum and the Qu-ri-nal, an' we're going to do Michael Angelo to-morrow.'

Sporting Times: 'Consule Balfouro.'

Sadie was further right than she wotted of. The real greatness of Rome lay in her every-day folk of whom there are no statues. You can look at the old silent buildings, and think big thoughts about them and write them down if you like, but it's a waste of time, really. Imagine ourselves in the same position. Imagine a man fondling the ruins of the National Gallery, gazing at a statue of Irving at the back of it, and reading *Obiter Dicta* (Birrell), and then reconstructing, in his imagination, the old English race! It would be a sad case—of Attic Ears.

CHAPTER XIV

DIVINE EARS

It is again objected, as a very ridiculous custom, that a set of men should be suffered, much less employed and hired, to bawl one day in seven against the lawfulness of those methods most in use towards the pursuit of greatness, riches and pleasure, which are the constant practice of all men alive on the other six. *Swift*.

‘DIVINE ears’ sound something good, but the misconception is due to the word ‘divine,’ and these ears are bad, and might be used as a synonym for injustice. A divine is quite entitled to pity an unbeliever because of his gloomy prospects hereafter, but he should be fair to him; this he certainly is not. To have no religion ought, in a way, to be a slice of luck, a saving, an economy, like not smoking, or drinking, or gambling, or subscribing to a library. But our divines refuse to see religion in that light, and insist on all contributing to the large houses with spires and the very expensive fittings. Thus every dissenter is made into a religious spendthrift indulging in the wanton luxury of two religions, though his income can only entitle him to one, or perhaps none.

The whole proceeding may be divine, but it is certainly immoral.

The morality of our divines is behind our civilisation. They will not understand that certain things which are wrong to them, owing to their faith, are not, on that account, wrong in themselves, or wrong to others. Such a conception of morals is vicious. For instance, there are few of the commandments that an honest man, *qua* honest man, is not perfectly justified in breaking. He is perfectly entitled to make graven images of whatever he likes, to have as many gods as he likes, to covet his neighbour's house if he likes it, to take the Lord's name in vain when he wants to, or work hard on the Sabbath Day. There is nothing essentially wrong in any of these things, and even honouring one's parents may, in some cases, be overdone. Thus, as long as there is a Lord's Day Observance Act on the statute book, the wicked principle is established of punishing a man, not for doing a wrong thing, but for breaking a prohibition, or a commandment, under which an innocent action has been transformed irrationally into a police-court offence. Our religious guardians, our moral advisers, should be the first to warn our politicians that church regulations must only apply to churchmen, or the regulations become innately wicked and a source of injustice. So far, the Church has not done so. Our politicians, from what they hear in church, seem unaware that there is anything wrong in

manufacturing crimes and making things wrong by statute. Our divines should be the first to teach them that they are quite right to worship their Maker, but they must not copy Him. So far our divines have not done so. Yet the commandments of a Creator can be no models for politicians, unless we could confer divinity by election, which is not yet the case.

Mr. J. C. Spence in *The Conscience of the King* well observes that no man should be punished until a definite wrong has been proved against a definite person. This is a far better practical basis of morality than anything in the Scripture: it is not a matter of faith or belief or awe, but of results. Because the Christian deity, according to Moses, sees fit to punish a man, not for a wrong done to another, but for taking the Lord's name in vain or omitting to keep holy the Sabbath Day, does this justify the Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George in fining a man and imprisoning him for refusing to insure under the Lloyd George Insurance Act? The universal basis of right and wrong should not depend on what Moses claimed to have heard said to him on a B.C. morning near Canaan, nor, as Herbert Spencer observes, on the votes of a few men sitting in a room at Westminster. Are we really going to allow right and wrong to depend on votes?

Divines, by not repudiating this system, become more unjust than is warranted by their faith. Another evil, originating from churchmen, is the

enormous importance attached to sin. Owing to the attitude of divines, a certain *cachet* is conferred on badness to which it has no sort of right. The bad man is made interesting. Any assistance to the bad, said Plautus, is an injustice to the good. The right view is that the lost sheep can well be spared, the return of the prodigal is a bad day for his home, and the sinner is 'better dead,' whether he repenteth or not. Character never changes, and, as Schopenhauer puts it, 'to forget and forgive is to throw away a dearly bought experience.' To forgive your enemy, to love the man who has wronged you, is a sloppy sentiment. The most useful good man is the good man who kills a bad one. Nobody should love a bad man. It is most uncalled for. A bad action is bad, simply and solely, because it has injured the doer or somebody else; the first kind doesn't much matter, the second does. A wrong one, a man who has wronged another, should, for the sake of that other, be dropped by all; even a clergyman should never be seen speaking to him. Have we no good men to care for? That is the real religion of loving sympathy, of sympathy with innocent suffering. The bad man deserves all he gets, and, if he got half he deserved, there would be fewer bad men. To forgive the swine is to encourage him. The Christian 'man of sin,' the dare-devil, going to get hell later on, suggests courage, and is a constant call to depravity.

All the divines of England have taught, and

still teach, that the fountain and reservoir of goodness is the Bible. No one, they argue, knows good or evil, right or wrong, till he has been *taught* their nature and has had them explained to him by a man of God. Yet if you can find an untaught person and ask him the difference between good and evil, you will find he distinguishes these things just as well as he distinguishes sounds, shapes, textures and colours. If you go further and ask him what he considers the main cause of goodness, he will probably attribute it to a nice disposition, which seems to me likely enough.

But how I caught it, found it, came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn.

But not from 'untaught' people, for they don't know. Does any one else?

Herbert Spencer, in his *Principles of Sociology*, vol. ii. p. 234, gives instances of many primitive races where 'truthfulness seems to be organic' and theft unknown; which looks as if our disposition was the seat of morality, rather than the mental effect of education or religion. Schopenhauer continually quotes, almost as a refrain, *Velle non discitur*, which he often renders 'to wish right cannot be taught.'

The conviction grows upon me that it was unfortunate for us that our early wisdom came from Athens and Rome, and that our religion came all the way from Jerusalem. Our learning was

written in Latin and Greek—an ominous circumstance—and our Bible was written in an abstruse language, of no status or position, and of which, till recently, there was not even a standard dictionary; this led to a deal of interpretation, reputed wise by tradition, before uneducated people had any chance of knowing what was being interpreted. The nett result of it all was an imaginary link between learning and wisdom, and between learning and goodness. Accordingly, there arose, in a vague irrational way, a connexion between learning, religion and morality, and between ignorance, lawlessness and vice, from which alleged trinities we still suffer. Hence the absurd delusion that the more morality a man is taught the more he will do, and that the better he is educated the better he will behave. And hence also the immoral legend that goodness rests on divine commandments, which have to be taught you, instead of on the simple consideration that nothing is wrong, unless you thereby injure yourself or somebody else, which consideration is so obvious that education alone has prevented its universal acceptance.

There is only one way you can excuse divines for their general injustice, their glorification of sin, and their misguided notions of morality, and that is to plead their incorrigible stupidity. But, naturally enough, this plea would have to be entertained for them by others, and they could hardly be expected to dwell on it themselves. There is

good reason for entertaining it. Suppose you heard some B.A. Oxos:, with the Oxford manner, say that they had come to the conclusion that the English of the Bible was mediæval, and that it wanted correcting, and that they were going to alter it and bring it up to date till the scriptural English was as faultless as that of the *Times*, what would you think of them? You would probably class them as asses of the first water. Yet this supposititious enterprise is exactly what our divines did. Our divines discussed this matter and came to the conclusion that the Scriptures contained many obsolete words, and words whose sense had completely altered, and that there was hardly a chapter in the Bible in which several of the verses were no longer in accordance with the rules of strict grammar. Accordingly twenty-five of our most eminent churchmen and scholars took the New Testament in hand with a view to putting it right. They put it right from 1870 to 1880. Thirty-five others, equally learned and reverend, took the Old Testament in hand. They put it right from 1870 to 1885. The result of their labours was heralded as a 'rich draught of delight' to all who loved learning, letters, scholarship and literature:—

The Revised Old Testament represents the result of the patient deliberation of the best scholars of the whole English-speaking world. *Church Quarterly Review*, July, 1885, p. 442.

The revised New Testament was ushered into

being in similar strains. Yet 'twas a miserable failure. The revisers were stupider than our game-players. Any one who had entered in golf or tennis handicaps would have realised that if the book you propose to alter was published in 1611, and if you publish your revised version about 1880 or 1885, the original edition has had a good start. To change an expression of some 270 years' standing, and one that has been read in schools, and churches, and at family prayers, during the whole period, takes considerable assurance; it shows nerve rather than *nous*. For example, should the revisers alter 'Our Father, *which art* in heaven,' *Matt.* vi. 9? Yet, if they pass that, why alter anything? They left 'which art' alone, as they should have done with the whole book.

The Revised Version never prospered. It is not read in churches, nor have our law courts yet accepted it as an improved medium for swearing on. Hardly any one took the trouble to criticise it. Mr. Moon, in *Learned Men's English*, uses it to instance the fact that our learned men do not know their mother tongue. He shows that the revisers, in addition to writing bad English, misapplied their learning to such an extent that the new work was more incorrect than the old one. He proves his case well; but, whether because the revisers were in holy orders, or whether because he feared that, in holy writ, any pithiness would be mistaken for scoffing or scepticism, the

fact remains that his criticism is heavy and difficult to use in any readable form. He points out that the revisers seemed aware that our word *prevent* was derived from the Latin *prævenire* and originally meant 'to come before.' However, they sometimes forgot this, and *Ps.* cxix. 147, though revised, reads: 'I prevented the dawning of the morning,' which, under the circumstances, sounds a big performance. Moon's book is full of such cases.

Then, the revisers were over-fond of meddling and not always with good results. In the authorised edition, *Proverbs* xxxi. 26 reads:—

She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness.

In the Revised Version, as Moon shows, this becomes '*on* her tongue is the law of kindness.' However, he continues, as '*tongue*' there is the Latin *lingua* (language), and as the kindness referred to was *in* her language not *on* it, the learned revisers have come a cropper. 'Thus,' says Moon, 'the language of this wise and virtuous woman can no longer linger in the ear and dwell undisturbed in the memory.' One is entitled to regret this, and also that very few of their other alterations can be said to have 'bloomed blossoms,' a feat attributed by the revisers to the rod of Aaron, *Numbers* xvii. 10.

Moon seems puzzled, in the Revised Version, that when the people in *Proverbs* swallow anything,

whether oil, fruit or riches, they invariably 'swallow it up,' but the people in *Job*, when they swallow anything, whether kingdoms, increase or abundance, invariably 'swallow it down.' Maybe the practice was 'to swallow up' on the sea of Galilee, and 'to swallow down' again on getting to land. I think so, Moon, I think so.

Oddly enough, though the revisers could 'observe the force of *μέν* and note the use of *γάρ*,' they did not know how to use *a* and *an*. They seem to have thought that our practice was to write *a* as *an* when *a* occurs before a vowel. Moon, in pointing out to them their mistake, well states that 'such an one' is no less ridiculous than 'such an wonder.' The English language absolutely refuses either to obey, or recognise, rules and regulations, and this endears it to all right-thinking people. We say 'a eunuch' not 'an eunuch'; 'a ewe lamb' not 'an ewe lamb'; cf. 'a yew tree.' Some people say 'a man has a ear for music'; some do not. 'Hotel' and 'historian' are privileged in both ways. The revisers talk of 'an harp,' 'an horse,' 'an horn,' 'an he-goat,' and 'an harlot,' but not 'an whore,' lest, perhaps, the abandoned woman objected. Moon sums the matter up as 'an howling' procedure; cf. *Zeph.* i. 10. On this point our Moon becomes quite bright:—

Can any one tell me [he asks] why the revisers have described Esau as 'a hairy man' and Elijah as 'an hairy man'? Was it because it was considered

that in Elijah's case, the 'h' should be dropped, 'airy' being a more appropriate description of him who 'went up by a whirlwind into heaven'? (2 Kings ii. 11). For my part I consider such jokes as quite out of place in the Bible.

Well, yes, Moon, quite so, but we should not blame the revisers. Were not their faults more due to stupidity than to sacrilege? The hypothesis must be that only a very stupid man, or a very sacrilegious one, would dream of correcting the Bible. The worthy divines who decided to take the holy job in hand, the worthy divines who appointed a committee for the purpose and elected a chairman, and the worthy divines to whom was subsequently allotted the sacred task, were not, methinks, sacrilegious. *Ergo*, they were stupid. And these were the best divines of the divine world at that time! So what about the rest? What to do with our clergy is the problem for the future. They, however, think the problem is our children, and they have circulated the following memorial, of which clause i reads:—

1. Great numbers of children, some of them so young as 11, are being withdrawn from school to take part in industry. If they do not soon return, and no other provision is made for them, a great social problem is being created for the future, by allowing them thus to drift away from educational influences.

The children only need to be left alone. The clergy are the problem, not the children.

The Church certainly presides over some very deserving charities, but those charities are not a part of the religion and might do better in other hands.

The tide may turn soon, and degrees, schools and mark-makers will, one hopes, be swept aside. The Church might well assist the movement. They should employ a learned ecclesiastic in full canonicals, to stand on the steps of St. Paul's daily, at noon, and bellow at the top of his voice :

My dear friends, I am an ass, an awful ass, one of the worst. And I say unto you, verily and truly, that you will be so likewise, unless you avoid books ; yea, and point the finger of scorn, and say ' Lo there,' to all who have studied in the universities of Europe, and subsequently burnt midnight oil instead of going to bed. Amen, the Lord be with you !

Here endeth the fourteenth chapter.

PART IV

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‘It is a most curious thing how book-learning
dulls one’s intelligence,’ said Mr. Winter uneasily.

B. Harraden: The Scholar’s Daughter

CHAPTER XV

NEGLECTED UNITS

If we can depend upon any principle, which we learn from philosophy, this, I think, may be considered as certain and undoubted, that there is nothing, in itself, valuable or despicable, desirable or hateful, beautiful or deformed ; but that these attributes arise from the particular constitution and fabric of human sentiment and affection. . . . You will never convince a man, who is not accustomed to Italian music, and has not an ear to follow its intricacies, that a Scots' tune is not preferable. You have not even any single argument, beyond your own taste, which you can employ in your behalf : and to your antagonist his particular taste will always appear a more convincing argument to the contrary. If you be wise, each of you will allow that the other may be right ; and having many other instances of this diversity of taste, you will both confess, that beauty and worth are merely of a relative nature, and consist in an agreeable sentiment, produced by an object in a particular mind, according to the peculiar structure and constitution of that mind. . . . To diminish, therefore, or augment any person's value for an object, there are no direct arguments or reasons, which can be employed with any force or influence. The catching of flies, like Domitian, if it give more pleasure, is preferable to the hunting of wild beasts, like William Rufus, or the conquering of kingdoms, like Alexander. *Hume.*

THE above words were written by Hume in an

essay called *The Sceptic* as long ago as 1740, and they are as true now as when they were written. Why is it, then, that they are so completely ignored by our educational enthusiasts and social reformers? If they have an answer to Hume let us hear it.

To me, it seems obvious that no one pleasure can be preferable to another pleasure, except to the person concerned, and to tax him for somebody else's pleasure, even though you call this 'soul-wealth,' is a wicked thing to do and as sinful as burglary. You, doubtless, hope to improve your friend, and you may sometimes succeed, yet the result is pure injustice and may be dear at the price. Take a case: In an Italian, humming *La Bohème* as he dresses, most will see a son of song, musically gifted to an endearable extent; while a Scot with a bagpipe may seem objectionable. But nothing further can be deduced. A free opera tax is an injustice to a lover of the bagpipe. On the wage test, a Scot, except as a singer or a waiter, will more than hold his own with an Italian. He is quite as moral, quite as sensible, and less likely to stab you after dark. On what grounds, then, should municipal opera be provided as a moral stimulant? Why free music rather than free milk? The book brigade have themselves to thank that other sections of the community are making similar claims. The art contingent, in addition to robbing us of at least £200,000 a year

in art galleries, are making more and more demands for free art, and they deny that a picture gallery should pay the amusement tax.

The idea of an amusement tax is that those who cannot afford the amusement need not pay the tax. For practical purposes, humanity have only two motives, money and pleasure. What is done for money is called business; what is done for pleasure is called amusement. Strictly speaking, not only patrons of museums and galleries, but even pewholders in church, should pay the amusement tax, since only children attend divine service without any hope of enjoying the performance. With adults, they are not paid to go, so it is not business; and, if they pay to go, it must come under the head of amusement. There can be no doubt that some people would rather hear the Archbishop of Canterbury preach than go to see George Robey, Robert Hale, or Bernard Shaw, and though, technically, a sermon can hardly be called amusing, nevertheless, the main motive is not business but pleasure, or, at all events, pleasing sensations.

Apply this just reasoning to the growing claims for municipal theatres and free Shakespeare. Ask a man with well-developed ears why, and in what way, the stallites at, say, the Empire, are inferior to the patrons of *Hamlet*, *The Merchant of Venice*, or a *Midsummer Night's Dream*? The Imperials, or Empire men, certainly aren't poorer. Are they less intelligent? Are they less truthful? They

appear in better health, in better spirits, better fed, better off, better 'sorts' and far more cheerful. What is the matter with them? Has Bentham's *dictum* ever been upset that, given a like amount of pleasure, push-pin is equal to poetry? If so, tell me who upset this *dictum* and how he did it? If the book sense is to be developed at the expense of the sense of justice, then books are more baneful than liquor, and public libraries should only be opened to those certified as mentally deficient or suffering from senile decay, who are, as it is, the principal patrons.

The whole question has been so misrepresented for so many centuries that one despairs of seeing it righted. We should never forget that our writing has been done for us by people unreasonably and unwarrantably prejudiced in favour of their own calling. Literature abounds in anecdotes—mainly fiction—of men of genius writing masterpieces in a garret and subsequently selling their immortal work for a few pence rather than starve. Pathetic, yes, but no more pathetic, or harder to bear, than trudging the streets penniless in search of work, or in making ingenious articles at a penny each which no one will buy. After all, the author did get something. Writers! Do they alone suffer? Do they alone know misery? They make more noise about it, that is all.

Neglected ears, to the extent of a childhood which has escaped books, is now a police-court offence. Consequently we are justified in asking

whether no untaught people have ever succeeded in life, or whether the value of culture ever ascends to the countenance, or whether it persists in hiding itself in that apocryphal locality sometimes called the soul.

Firstly, take the frontispiece. There you have four of our leading men of letters. Gibbon, Goldsmith, Wordsworth and Swinburne. Three of them figure in the 'hundred best books,' and the fourth would have, too, had he not been disqualified for not being dead. The late William Whiteley, the great universal provider, is in the centre. He seems to me a superior type of man, more alert, quite as intelligent, and with twice the vitality and character. A nation could more easily dispense with Gibbon, Goldsmith, Wordsworth and Swinburne than such productions as Whiteley; yet the object of the Education Act is to turn us to literature rather than to commerce or mechanical invention. To look at old Whiteley inspires confidence in our nation and makes one feel glad.

Secondly, take the educational reports of some of our celebrities. Oddly enough, the apostles of learning and literature don't get *all* the testimonials even from men of their own kidney—a subtle phrase this, hinting of internal complications due to sedentary habits and insufficient exercise? Let us commence with the Master.

Renan, 'Vie de Jésus':—

It is not probable that the Master knew a word of

Greek, or was able to read or write. His mind preserved that innocence which an extended or varied culture infallibly weakens.

Viscount Bryce and Sir H. Craik, please note. Strauss, '*Intellectual Development of Jesus*':—

The boy Jesus did not pass formally through a Rabbinical school. . . . A comprehensive faculty of reception is with great men ever the reverse side of their powerful originality.

Yet Jesus easily withstood forty days' temptation in the wilderness.

Omar Khayyám, astronomer-poet of Persia towards the end of our eleventh century (Fitzgerald):—

Myself, when young, did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
About it and about: but evermore
Came out by the same door where in I went.

With them the seed of wisdom did I sow,
And with mine own hand wrought to make it grow;
And this was all the Harvest that I reap'd—
'I came like Water and like Wind I go.'

This great wind and water harvest is now compulsory.

Pope mentions:—

The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read
With loads of learnéd lumber in his head.

We do meet them.

Wordsworth gives the stock argument adopted by education committees :—

‘ Where are your books ? ’ that light bequeathed
To beings else forlorn and blind !
Up ! Up ! and drink the spirit breathed
From dead men to their kind.

And he replies to it :—

Books ! ‘Tis a dull and endless strife :
Come, hear the woodland linnet,
How sweet his music ! On my life,
There’s more of wisdom in it.

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

Nevertheless, if any young Wordsworths are found to-day imbibing impulses ‘ from a vernal wood ’ during school hours, some education prowler will summon them and have them fined £1, and if they do it again they will, under Samuel’s Children Act, be packed off to an industrial school to herd with embryo thieves till the age of sixteen. English law, A.D. 1916.

Herbert Spencer, ‘ *Study of Sociology*, ’ p. 313
(Kegan, Paul and Trench) :—

This belief in the moralising effects of intellectual culture, flatly contradicted by facts, is absurd, a

priori. What imaginable connexion is there between the learning that certain clusters of marks on paper stand for certain words, and the getting a higher sense of duty? What possible effect can acquirement of facility in making written signs of sounds, have in strengthening the desire to do right? How does knowledge of the multiplication-table, or quickness in adding or dividing, so increase the sympathies as to restrain the tendency to trespass against fellow creatures? In what way can the attainment of accuracy in parsing and spelling, etc., make the sentiment of justice more powerful than it was; or why, from stores of geographical information, perseveringly gained, is there likely to come increased regard for truth?

In other words, nothing is developed by education excepting the ears.

Schopenhauer, '*Men of Learning*' :—

Students and men of learning of all sorts and every age, aim as a rule at acquiring *information* rather than insight. They pique themselves upon knowing about everything—stones, plants, battles, experiments and all the books in existence. It never occurs to them that information is only a means of insight, and in itself of little or no value; that it is his way of *thinking* that makes a man a philosopher.

Schopenhauer always seems to me the grand old man of thought, our monarch and master.

Butler, in '*Hudibras*' :—

Yet he that is able to express
No sense at all in several languages,

Will pass for learned than he that's known
To speak the strongest reason in his own.

Butler should perhaps have put 'wiser,' rather than 'learned'; for, in acquiring several languages, a man might claim to be 'learned'; *wiser* is what he is not. However, in verse, the general sense is enough.

Carlyle, in '*Sartor Resartus*' :—

What are your historical facts; still more your biographical? Wilt thou know a Man, above all a Mankind, by stringing together bead rolls of what thou namest Facts? . . . Facts are engraved Hieroglyphs, for which the fewest have the key!

Does an honour degree give you the key?

Sterne, in '*Tristram Shandy*' :—

An ounce of a man's own wit is worth a ton of other people's.

Harold Gorst, in '*The Curse of Education*' :—

If every school and college were closed to-morrow negative good would probably result and much positive harm be abolished. . . . In healthy children a vigorous and healthy brain offers a stout resistance to the stuffing process. Modern methods of education are only salutary as long as they fail.

Frank Harris, in '*England or Germany*' :—

It was the low birth, the poverty and the scanty education of Shakespeare that made him our chief of men.

Mr. F. Harris does not say anything so sensible elsewhere, but I do not like to disqualify the man on that account. In justice to him the fact must be stated.

Hazlitt, 'Ignorance of the Learned' :—

Any one who has passed through the regular gradations of a classical education, and is not made a fool by it, may consider himself to have had a lucky escape.

Shakespeare :—

To be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature.

Education committees think otherwise.

Milton, 'Paradise Regained' :—

Many books,
Wise men have said, are wearisome ; who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior
(And what he brings, what needs he elsewhere seek !)
Uncertain and unsettled still remains,
Deep versed in books, and shallow in himself,
Crude or intoxicate.

If only 'crude' had been 'screwed' what a popular quotation this would have been ! 'Deep versed in books, screwed or intoxicate.' Quite so.

Thirdly, take a list of men who did without education or got on in spite of it.

Keir Hardie was a pit-boy at seven, and quite

uneducated. Yet, as leader of the Independent Labour Party, he more than held his own against countless rivals and scholars of council schools, all fighting like dogs for a position with a good salary, little work and plenty of 'gassing.' He died 'gassing.'

Patrick McGill, the author of *The Children of the Dead End*, was at work on a farm, free from stuffy schools, at the age of nine.

Darwin tells us: 'During the three years which I spent at Cambridge my time was wasted, as far as academical studies were concerned, as completely as at Edinburgh and at school.'

Herbert Spencer, in his *Autobiography*, says: 'I never passed an examination. In Euclid, Algebra, Trigonometry and Mechanics, I might have done fairly well, but in nothing else.' The next few instances are from his *Autobiography*.

John Ericsson, a celebrated engineer, considered he was fortunate in never having graduated in any technological institute. He was of opinion that if he had gone through a course, he would have acquired such a belief in authorities that he would never have been able to develop originality and make his own way in physics and mechanics.

James Brindley and *George Stephenson* were without any early instruction at all; the one taught himself writing when an apprentice, and the other put himself to school when a grown man.

Smeaton, *Rennie* and *Watt* had little schooling, and in no case did they pass through a *curriculum*

appropriate to their profession, nor did they regret it.

Sir Benjamin Baker, who designed and executed the Forth Bridge, at that time the greatest and most remarkable bridge in the world, had received no regular engineering instruction.

To these instances might be added :—

Sir Hiram Maxim, educated very slightly and irregularly, in Maine, free from education prowlers, education boards, inspectors or examinations.

Thomas Edison. No educational information is given in *Who's Who*. It is stated that he became a telegraph operator and that he was born in Ohio. He is said by Herbert Spencer to have been self-educated and to have considered college-bred men as 'no use.'

Lord Strathcona. His education, in *Who's Who*, is given as 'Scotland'—in the open, one hopes. He 'entered Hudson Bay Company's service at an early age.' Fortunate man!

Andrew Carnegie has been appointed Lord Rector of St. Andrew's University, chiefly, 'tis said, because he was never there. He is a great lover of education; but he had none himself, and did very well without it. *O fortunatos nimium, sua bona si norint!* (Thrice fortunate those who realise their good luck!).

Dean Swift was 'stripped of his degree for dullness and insufficiency.'

The following instances are from the '*Curse of Education*,' *H. Gorst* :—

Sir Walter Scott, as a boy, invariably went to sleep in church in the course of the sermon and was counted a dull lad. At Edinburgh University he was called the Greek blockhead and Professor Dalzell dubbed him a dunce.

Burns stated that whatever he knew he owed to his having exercised his own taste and having only read what appealed to him.

Carlyle expresses himself thus: 'Academia! School instructors of youth! O ye unspeakable!' He himself had some taste for mathematics but never won a prize, and in classics, 'I am truly as nothing.'

Wellington gained no sort of distinction either at Eton or at the French Military College of Angiers, and 'it is not improbable that a competitive examination might have excluded him from the Army.'

Dr. Livingstone worked in a cotton factory as a boy of ten. And probably was all the better for it. Would that Viscounts Bryce, Morley and Haldane had had plenty of factory work when young!

Clive: 'A hopeless youth, who loathed work.'

Sheridan was stated by his tutor, an eminent Dublin scholar, to be 'an impenetrable dunce.' At Harrow, he earned himself a considerable reputation for idleness, but beyond that, none of his instructors had a word to say for him.

There then is a list of eminent men, some of whom had no education, and some of whom suc-

cessfully resisted what they had. Personally, my best qualifications for writing this book are: education, resisted; faith, small; degrees, none. If people could be proved to be stupid and incapable because they wouldn't or couldn't read, and if those who read and studied all became wise, and if scholastics invariably selected and improved any good brain that came their way, something, though not much, might be said for hounding little children into council schools. However, in the absence of any such evidence, this consideration is out of court. Matthew Arnold, a name to conjure with in refined circles, gave the definition of culture thus:

Culture is an increased spiritual activity, having for its character increased sweetness, increased light, increased life, increased sympathy.

Compare that statement with the brutality of the compulsory clauses in our Education Acts and the inhuman proceedings of school attendance committees. Compare that statement with the conduct of the cultured Germans both to prisoners of war and to non-combatants. Compare that statement with the injustice of state schools, state libraries, state museums and state homes of Art; and Matthew Arnold's definition will not bear inspection.

CHAPTER XVI

UNDESIRABLE TENANTS

On general questions, a vote recorded by forty academicians is no better than that of forty water carriers,

Gustav Le Bon.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE'S *Inquiry into Vulgar and Common Errors* seems the earliest book on the occupants of ignorant heads. He died in 1682. When you examine his work, you find 'the vulgar and common errors' therein are things that no uneducated person could have heard of, unless you had taught them to him, and then he would no longer have been an uneducated person. None of the errors arose from ignorance, and they are what teachers have handed down to us as knowledge since the commencement of the Christian era. For instance, Browne's first twenty chapters deal with feats attributed to Hannibal while crossing the Alps; with drinking exploits performed by the soldiers of Xerxes, who apparently, on more than one occasion, drank a river dry and then crossed it; with the doctrine that there was no rainbow seen on earth previous to the Flood,

which Noah so ably negotiated in an ark: with the story of the Spartan boy and the fox beneath his tunic; with the specification of the fruit, with which Eve tempted Adam, as an apple; with the food of John the Baptist having been, for years, locusts and wild honey, etc., etc. Now, though some uneducated person may have repeated some of these tales, no one can accuse him of having been their cause and origin, or of having been the main instrument of their circulation; and, unless he had been taught them, he wouldn't have known them. Teachers sowed the stories, and well-educated people swallowed them. Consequently Sir T. Browne should not have called his list 'common and vulgar errors' so much as 'class knowledge,' or 'learning.'

Sir Thomas devotes a whole chapter to the question: Do Jews stink? Strangely enough, if any such belief ever existed, it was certainly shared by the men of learning, as is shown by the following footnote in his chapter x. :—

Howell, in a letter written to Lord Clifford, in reply to his enquiries respecting Jews, does not hesitate to adopt the common opinion as one so well known as to need no proof. 'As they are,' says he, 'the most contemptible people, and have a kind of fulsome scent, no better than a stink, that distinguisheth them from others.' *Howell: Familiar Letters*, Book i. p. 252.

James Howell, the writer of these letters, was 'historiographer royal to Charles II.,' so the error

as to the *fætor Judaicus* may have been princely rather than common. The fact, of course, being that, though rude boys and vulgar people may have called Jews 'stinkers,' both before and after 1660, only a scholar would have treated the question seriously and propounded a theory that odour went with religion. Terms of abuse contain more metaphor than fact. If all the progressives, Home Rulers, and members of education committees, who have been called Bulgarians, actually came from Bulgaria, we should be in a considerable danger of becoming a mere colony of this benighted race.

Sir T. Browne mentions the popular notion that the heart is on the left side. This he considers a very vulgar fallacy. He is evidently very proud of himself for knowing that the larger portion of the heart is on the right side. But, as the pulse and indicator of the heart is on the left, I incline to the old address, and if you feel on your left front, your heart should afford you evidence of being in residence. A significant fact, in connection with Sir Thomas, is that he was an eminent physician as well as a learned man. Now, when a physician has the audacity to write about popular errors, he is suffering from *Doctors' Ears*.

The only book in circulation similar to Browne's, which is known to me, is *Popular Fallacies*, by A. S. E. Ackerman (Cassell & Co. 1907). There are other writings on 'fallacies,' such as Mill's

and Bentham's, but these refer to the wiles and stratagems adopted by men of learning to deceive one another, and they can hardly be called popular; 'learned fallacies' would perhaps describe them.

Mr. Ackerman is himself an instance of a fallacy common to men of culture, viz. that an opinion expressed by some qualified authority, with countless letters after his name, is sufficient to annihilate an ignorant or less qualified view. But he should remember that, just as the evidence of one doctor can always be contradicted by another, so with other qualified authorities; another expert can always be found to say the opposite. Mr. Ackerman evidently considers the view of Sir W. Preece, K.C.B., LL.D., J.P., F.R.S., to be final as to the value of lightning conductors. Why? The man has too many letters after his name, and I never believe your belettered expert. They only know what they have been told.

Another of Mr. Ackerman's fallacies is that what is repeated is necessarily believed. For instance, he quotes many jingling rhymes such as 'Rain, before seven, clear before eleven.' Plenty of us repeat this, sometimes in hope, but not as a definite conviction. Many an old farmer Haycock has said: 'The ash before the oak, a summer of smoke; the oak before ash, a summer of splash,' and he may have sometimes acted on it. But no one ever ventured to gamble in cereals on the

strength of a saying of this kind. Many of the fallacies in this book are peculiar to Mr. Ackerman, and should be called 'Ackerman's Own,' such as the one that aluminium is yellow. This should be classed rather as 'news' than as a popular fallacy.

Again, as regards the saying that 'red ears show their possessor is being talked about,' the first sayer of this was no mean wit, but there is no evidence of a definite belief. I class this fallacy as another of 'Ackerman's Own,' in believing that any one believed it.

In the whole book, I can only find one fallacy that is really common, viz. that the sun shining on the fire puts it out. Women are staunch believers of this one, and if you tell a woman that it is domestic fallacy, no. 421, in Mr. Ackerman's book of *Popular Fallacies*, she will reply: 'Fallacy yourself.' This is a very feminine retort, and how you are to reply to it, I do not know.

After all, none need complain about popular fallacies. They are quite harmless, except to the owner, and never compulsory. It is only the fallacies of learned men that have a nasty habit of becoming the law of the land. A book of fallacies published in Rome 'in the brilliant days of the Antonines' would have certainly included the Christian religion among the errors of ignorant people. As soon as it ceased to be a fallacy, the biggest believers became bishops. These sat

in high places, and lived in palaces, and expounded the doctrines. First priests, and then doctors, have been the bane of humanity. They form a walking encyclopædia of far the worst of all human fallacies—a belief in learned men. Ackerman forgot this one.

CHAPTER XVII

BARBARIANS

Johnny Tarleton : I do say that the time has come for sane, healthy, unpretending men like me to make a stand against this conspiracy of the writing and talking and artistic lot to put us in the back row. It isn't a fact that we are inferior to them. . . . We run the country for them ; and all the thanks we get is to be told we're Philistines and vulgar tradesmen and sordid city men and so forth. . . . The time has come to put a stop to their nonsense. Perhaps if we had nothing better to do than talking or writing, we could do it better than them.

Bernard Shaw.

A BARBARIAN is the term applied by men of culture to one who, with the means and opportunity of enjoying art and literature, has not done so, and is glad of it. There is an unexpressed assumption that, had the barbarian had more brain, things might have been different. The barbarian, however, does not share this view. He is quite satisfied with himself and sees nothing to regret or complain about.

The literary man is full of aspirations. He hopes to add to our language some pearl of thought, or some beautiful image, such as :—

O Cuckoo ! shall I call thee bird, or but a wandering voice ?

The barbarian has no such ideal. He does add to our language, but his additions do not take that form. His genius, naturally enough, proclaims itself in what is said, or shouted, rather than in what is written. Our colloquialisms owe nothing to books. The more a man mixes with the world, and the less he reads, the more apt his phraseology becomes, and the better suited to the different sides of life, each of which has its particular atmosphere. In the toil of the day, words and phrases are coined and selected, and would be lost unless they were continually repeated. This unconscious literary art is the work of barbarians. Being 'well-read' is all very well in its way, but, in ordinary conversation, the treasures of literature frequently sound forced, and they do not, as it were, 'touch the spot.' In general, a slice of luck is better described as 'a bit of all right' than as 'sweet as remembered kisses after death,' or as recalling 'buds that ope in spring.' In the latter quotation, many barbarians will suspect you meant 'hope,' for the word 'ope' is not much used.

The first sayer of the sayings of the day is nearly always a barbarian, and yet he is no mean artist in words. 'A month of Sundays'—what a long time that sounds and how dreary a time—'tis a telling phrase. 'As much use as a sick headache,' sounds as if what had been suggested was

wretched. Game players use many effective expressions: 'He never looked like winning,' 'He hadn't a dog's chance,' 'Likely to make a champion, I don't think,' and so on. In describing a match that he had not won, I heard a marker at Queen's Club accuse his adversary of 'having fluked something cruel.' Did such 'serene artists in words' as Goethe or Sophocles ever phrase anything better? It is very fine. However, for grim pithiness of wit, give me the man who first called another 'an old boose-hound'! It is abusive, yes, but what a picture! Faintly, at first, you see arise in your mind's eye a man who is fond of the bottle. But the picture does not stop there; it widens till you see before you a shameless toper, sniffing his way to all the liquor in the *arrondissement* and 'downing' it with a rare joy. It is a great phrase. 'A boose-hound,' like a fox-hound or a harrier, suggests a particular breed especially adapted for the work. And then 'old.' No novice, but 'old.' That 'puts the lid on it.' Yes, it's fine work, the work of an artist. The first earner of the phrase becomes a benefactor to mankind as well as the barbarian who coined it.

Then, many of the best retorts in a play come from the street, as well as many quaint characters in novels. Writers owe more to the street than the street does to writers. This is what writers always forget. They meet with a person, or a phrase, which they use, and, in the course of time,

if they survive, they are thought to be the originators. *Cherchez le barbare.*

It must be admitted that everyday folk are inclined to overdo the catchwords of the day. I remember a time when few up-to-date fellows would converse for more than five minutes without one or other saying: 'What ho! she bumps.' But literary people are just as bad. What is more wearing than such expressions as 'Piled Pelion on Ossa,' 'Avoided Scylla only to be seized by Charybdis,' 'A Roland for an Oliver,' 'A Silenus mask,' and also all allusions to Davus, Œdipus, Attila, Tissaphernes, Ahriman, Ormuzd, Absalom, Achitophel, etc. No one can have any very clear idea what these champions actually did. It must have been some time ago.

The presumption that a literary man is superior to a barbarian has been tolerated so long that no one seems to query it or to test it. The mental play, expressing itself in the idle chatter going on in bars, billiard-rooms and boudoirs, may be a better mental stimulant than reading. A delightful picture of the more conventional view is given by Lord Morley:

Lord Morley: Try for yourselves what you can read in half an hour. Then multiply the half-hour by 365, and consider what treasures you might have laid up at the end of the year; and what happiness, fortitude and wisdom they would have given you for a life-time.

To get happiness, fortitude and wisdom so

easily, sounds excellent, but try it. Get a dozen people to converse in a bar or boudoir for half an hour a day, and get a dozen people to read improving works for half an hour a day, and see if the wisdom of either party improves in any marked degree. If literature improves the brain, then literary men, out of their element, should show up better than barbarians out of theirs. My experience has not found this to be the case. Literary men are generally poor talkers, and, in ribald conversation, quite hopeless. A barbarian may not write much, for he uses telephones and wires, but you cannot say he can't write at all. What would be a fair analogy? Would a poem on death be to a barbarian what light conversation is to a literary man? Assume so, and take the conversational part as read, and come straight to death. Can a barbarian compose an ode on death not worse, in that department, than, say, a merry 'high-brow' gassing in the Strand. Here are a few samples on death from the poet proper:

Byron (Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics):—

Oh, snatched away in beauty's bloom !
On thee shall press no ponderous tomb.

Wordsworth (Golden Treasury of Songs and rics):—

Six feet in earth my Emma lay
And yet I loved her more.

E. H. Poe : To ———

I laugh to think how poor,
That pleasure ' to endure ' ?
What ! shade of Zeno !—I
Endure !—No—no—defy.

Tennyson, ' Crossing the Bar ' :—

May there be no moaning.

Wordsworth, ' Lucy Gray ' :—

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide.

Coleridge, ' Monody on the Death of Chatterton ' :—

Away, grim Phantom ! Scorpion king, away !
Reserve thy horrors and thy stings display.

You can hardly expect a barbarian to equal all these. How bad is he ? The late Mr. Binstead (Tale-pitcher), who was originally a racing reporter on a sporting weekly, has preserved for us perhaps the only determined effort by a barbarian to put into poetry what he had been robbed of by the tomb. The man had not lost a dog, or a horse or an old parrot, but his wife had been snatched away in her bloom, and he was very much, in fact, exceedingly, upset about it. Why not ? May a barbarian have no feelings ? So, late one evening, he poured himself out a stiff whisky and soda, and sat himself down before her picture to

write an ode to her memory. Mr. Binstead, all honour to him, has preserved for us the fragment, but it is only a fragment :—

I gazed at the sad reminder
Of the form that had made me weep ;
Then I swallowed a useful ' binder,'
And suddenly fell asleep.

It is not for me to criticise unkindly the work of any man under such circumstances. Moreover I am quoting him from memory. But compare his effort with the poet proper, with his ' parents shouting far and wide,' with his ' grim phantom,' with his ' scorpion king,' with his ' no, no,' with his ' no moaning,' and with his ' loving her more.' You must remember the barbarian's literary medium is mainly rudeness and shouting, and you must compare his verse on death with what a literary man might do in the way of a retort to a barmaid supercilious, or in exchanging repartees with a bus-conductor. On such a subject, you will doubtless need to reflect before coming to a satisfactory conclusion. Still the barbarian makes a case for himself.

George Savage Fitzboodle states a point that should be remembered by all good *barbares* :—

What is it makes you literary persons so stupid ?
I have met various individuals in society who I was told were writers of books, and that sort of thing, and, expecting to be rather amused by their conversation, have invariably found them dull to a degree,

and as for information, without a particle of it. Sir, I actually asked one of these fellows, 'What was the nick to seven?' and he stared in my face and said he didn't know!

Why is not the 'nick to seven,' *qua* knowledge, equal to the date of *Magna Charta*? Why is knowing the names of all the popes better than knowing the names of all the golf champions? Best of all, perhaps, to know none of these things.

When you think how well a barbarian finds out the right attitude towards life, without teachers, how wicked it seems to make teachers compulsory. The author of *An Englishman's Diary in France* tells us how in crossing to Southampton, he passed a transport crowded with young soldiers off to the front. They were the picture of life and health, ruddy and lively. He prepared his kodak to take a snapshot of them, when a lusty voice rang out: 'It's all right, guv'nor, we die hearty.' Something in the way it was said, something in the thought behind the words, made him almost fling his kodak into the sea. He took no picture. Surely 'We die hearty,' is a fine barbaric attitude and preferable to anything in a hymn-book or said by a missionary. It is quite possible that Culture and Christianity have had their day; we should salute them and say 'good-bye.'

CHAPTER XVIII

YEARS TO COME

The grandeur of Thebes is a vulgar grandeur. More sensible is the stone wall that bounds an honest man's field. As for the Pyramids, there is nothing to wonder at in them so much as the fact that so many men could be found degraded enough to spend their lives in constructing a tomb for some ambitious booby, whom it would have been wiser and manlier to have drowned in the Nile. *Thoreau.*

AFTER seventeen chapters, one would like to know how far the reader agrees. Does he think that books and learning have for generations been systematically overrated as a means of making people wiser and better, or even as a hobby? Does he think that books are less beneficial than making something or selling something? Would he consider a golf professional, without education, who made golf-clubs, sold golf balls, attended to the course and played matches, to be a worse judge of the duties to our allies, or the mischievous effects of the Lloyd George Insurance Act, than an Oxford don, the head master of Harrow, or the late Professor Cramb? Thoreau thought that a boy who made his own jack-knife, smelting his

own ore, was a superior being to the products of all our colleges and halls of culture.

Hannah More relates, with wondering admiration, how Thomas Babington Macaulay, at the age of fourteen, was heard discussing with another boy the comparative merits of Eugène and Marlborough. Is there any reason why this should prognosticate a more valuable talent than two boys discussing the comparative merits of putty and Portland cement? Is there any reason for supposing that an interest in dead generals is superior to an interest in existing compounds? The matter has never been tested.

For generations, the sons of those who have 'got on'—our successes—have been given, as a matter of course, a prolonged book education lasting for some fifteen years, and yet no new ideas have come from the offspring of old successes. If the sons of fortune, in spite of fifteen years of book culture, and in spite of being the descendants of superior stock, have shown less common sense, less originality, and less fairness than the better products of poorer soil, then there is something wrong with book education, it must have a bad effect, and to make it compulsory is a sin.

Presumably, the principal aim, of every one who works for a living, is to earn enough not to have to work any more. The education for the offspring of those, who have attained this ideal, has always been the same, viz. books. Why? The best education for any one who has his living

to make would probably be a special education suited to the requirements in view. Now take some one with an income of £1,000 a year. There is no particular reason why he should work, and nowadays the endless toil of making a name for oneself is pretty generally considered not to be worth the trouble. Surely the standard book education is utterly unsuited to any one who does not look forward to spending most of his time in a library, which, in passing, would make him more stupid than he need be.

What, then, are the facts of life? First and foremost, doing absolutely nothing must certainly result in boredom. On the other hand, with the possession of means, there is no real necessity to do anything. What is the way out? The traditional education, so far as it has any definite purpose, aims to develop in man the more delicate sensibilities to such an extent that, surrounded by the highest treasures of art, music and literature—particularly literature—he can revel in those indefinitely, with no other interest beyond discovering, from time to time, fresh objects to revel in. The fatal mistake in such an education lies in the assumption that, because a man is surrounded by all the means of happiness, he will therefore be happy. How odd that the highest education should only fit man to gape at pictures and read books instead of doing something for himself. A better object for a boy would be to be able to do anything except gape at pictures

or read books. If his future happiness has had any recognised place in the education of our youth, then education has been a wretched failure.

Suppose there was a public school, catering for the same class as our other public schools, where the education curriculum consisted not in books but in work, and the boys there, in school hours, washed their clothes, mended their clothes, cooked their meals, cleaned out their rooms, made cricket pitches, built fives courts, constructed canoes, grew vegetables and did everything connected with the school, and that superfluous work was devoted to laying out small cottages or even villas, and that their evenings, instead of being spent in preparation, were devoted to *Auction Bridge*. Suppose no boy, there, ever had anything done for him by a servant, and there were no servants. Do you suppose these boys would be less intelligent or less capable than the boys of our other public schools? You must remember that the predisposition in favour of books and learning, though purely traditional, is so strong that such a school would be illegal and parents sending their sons to it would be prosecuted, at least poor people would be.

This book superstition is an inheritance from Greece and Rome, where all manual labour was done by slaves, and trade of any kind was sinful and forbidden to patricians. Consequently the abler minds of Greece and Rome, when not engaged in fighting or gambling, wasted their time

in fruitless discussions on mere verbal subtleties. The Middle Ages inherited this superstition. With them, all wisdom consisted in the verbal labyrinths debated in Greece and Rome, together with a knowledge of ancient authors; while all morality and goodness was to be found in the archives of the Christian religion. Hence the searching of back numbers of holy writ for morality, and the searching of learned disquisitions by eminent ancients for wisdom. This became the accepted tradition from which we still suffer. The effect of depressing manual labour and exalting books is seen in the lamentable fact that, the better educated a man is, the fewer things he can do.

It has always seemed to me that the best educated man is the man who can do the most things. Yet a rich man, who has had the best education that money can buy, is singularly incompetent. He hardly knows what he is or what he wants. The house of a wealthy man is a satire on his education; it will be filled with useless and expensive knick-knacks, many of silver, which take a deal of trouble to clean, hot and cold water laid on, electric light, hosts of servants, curtains that spoil the light, pictures all over the place, a statue of Pompey in the hall, and a library of 7,000 volumes; whereas a higher ideal would be to live in a log hut that you had built yourself, with few books and no servants. Until you have taken the trouble to put up a thing for yourself, you do not know yourself, and

you are a poor judge of whether you want it or not.

Let me explain. You can hardly expect a man of means to want to be an accountant, a stock-broker or an attorney. He should therefore wish to be the expression of himself, of his 'will-to-live,' and he cannot be that if he does nothing. Nor can he be so if he has servants; and, if he can do nothing for himself, he must have servants. Consequently a different bringing up is necessary.

A rich man dining by himself in a dining-room with massive fittings, a Rembrandt on the wall, a deal of silver, and waited upon by a couple of men in plush, is not the expression of himself. He has put on evening clothes, often against his secret wishes, he is eating far more than he wants, because it is there and has been cooked specially for him; and, what with the Rembrandt, the silver, the men in plush and so on, he cannot well drink less than a bottle of champagne to keep the scene in countenance. His surroundings demand it of him. Yet the man's nature is not this. Nor is there any reason, because you can have all that money can buy, that you need necessarily buy it. A fashionable woman in a fur cloak who has cost £2,000 to dress, or a fat man leaving Park Lane in an Astrakan coat, a tall hat and patent leather boots, or a plate basket of silver that it takes two men to clean, are horrible sights. A book education is a part cause. If a boy was brought up, not on books, but to do things for himself,

instead of being taught that none did so who could help it, which is the lesson in public schools, he would never look forward to a mansion in Park Lane, with hosts of servants, as something to work for and strive for, but rather as something to avoid. Schopenhauer has proved conclusively that any permanent condition of happiness is impossible to beings constituted as we are, and that the best we can hope for is a succession of small achievements not unduly deferred. Take away these, give a man a host of servants, and nothing remains but *ennui*. One day, the palatial residences, to be seen in London and New York, will be considered as standing emblems of the monstrous delusion, which is a part of book education, that happiness can be bought by surrounding yourself with the delights of culture and all the means of happiness: these havens of happiness will be to let.

So far from living in a mansion, whatever house you live in ought to have been built mainly by your own hands, and then it certainly wouldn't be a mansion. Your house should be the expression of yourself; what garden there was should be such as you chose to find time for; what books there were should only be those that at some time or other had given you pleasure, wherefore reference books, or books containing a useful reference, should be carefully kept out of sight in a cupboard and have no place in a horizon that was you and you only. Nothing you

really liked should be absent ; nothing you disliked should be there. Your cellar should reflect your own tastes and no one else's. In a hovel constructed by yourself, whether of wood or brick, there might be many deferred pleasures to be added one day, and I fancy the library for 7,000 volumes would be among them, and also the countless knick-knacks to clean and also the statue of Pompey. Very likely the nicest house to live in would be the one that suggested the least culture. To go into details is a mistake, for in a matter of this kind our diverse individualities would proclaim themselves, but resident servants must be wrong. I have actually seen people ring the bell to have coals put on the fire, and apparently unashamed. The smaller the thing is, the more one should be ashamed of having it done for one. The art of living should be in that direction.

Plenty of experiments would in time secure an average form for the life to take. And very useless, you may say. But, don't you be too sure, economically one would be sound ; and surely a man with £1,000 a year can suit himself as to the opinion of others and of how much use to others he wishes to be ; his self-development may not take that form. Moreover, so far from these self-builders being useless, if we had had a few wealthy ones, an organised opposition to the building by-laws would have been instituted at once, and that atrocious tyranny, under which a

man may not add a wooden cycle shed to his own house, would have been nipped in the bud; as also would the clauses in the Education Act under which a boy between five and fourteen may not be educated except in books. My impression is that if the offspring of our successes, men with money, took to educating their children thus and living thus, countless small inventions in the art of life would come from our moneyed classes, and it would be those educated in council schools who became the great readers suffering from earitis and aural development.

So far, few experiments of this kind of life are in print. Pascal, as far as I remember, did not feel it right that he should be waited upon by servants, and, though he had one to cook for him, he used to come into the kitchen to carry his tray out and he brought it back again when he had done. Thoreau put the more complete idea into practice, but he was a naturalist dreamer, considerably above us, and his life took the form of a hermitage out in the forest. That, perhaps, is going too far. Some of the idea is inherent in us, as can be seen in the way we preserve our brown paper and bits of string. Directly you contrive your own house, you will find yourselves husbanding a quantity of odds and ends and assorting them carefully.

On the other side, a well-known letter of Pliny's describes his new villa to a friend in which he enlarges on its beauties and luxuries. The villa

contains rooms bathed in sun, rooms where the sun cannot enter, and a garden containing cedars, springs and fountains. He, however, omits to say what on earth he is going to do when he gets there. A library was mentioned, I fancy, but not anything to do, that was left to the slaves—a very rotten system.

Every man should be interesting to himself, and I do not see how this interest can take a better form than letting his domicile be the outward expression of his inner development, and represent, as far as possible, what he himself is. Doubtless there is an amusing side to it, but what about the people who live in palaces? Thoreau asserts that, hide the fact as we may, a mansion is only the porch above the burrow where man stores his roots. Thoreau continues that he has often been amazed to see the door of a mighty mansion open and, emerging therefrom, a tiny creature will be seen hurrying along the pavement and eventually disappearing into another burrow equally vast and imposing. The self-developer is an improvement on that type.

It would be curious, just as our well-read men have saddled us with a compulsory book-education, and free libraries out of the rates, if our highest ranks took to avoiding many books and to living in houses of their own construction. Yet that may well be the right road.

CONCLUSION

I STATED in the Preface what I intended to do. My endeavour has been to show that, were we all what is called 'well-educated,' the nation, as a whole, would not be wiser or more just, but, in all probability, less so.

Take a case: supposing every one were qualified, educationally, to study the germ theory of disease and pronounce an opinion thereon, what would be the result? Would the majority be any less anxious to make their inoculations compulsory? Not in the least. The only difference would be that the arguments in daily use would contain a larger assortment of somewhat meaningless technical terms. The advantage to the community would be *nil*. It has been demonstrated over and over again that our opinions do not come to us from study, or argument, but rather from a predisposition to believe, and, even if we be faced with an unanswerable argument, we feel sure that there is an answer, though we may not, at the moment, have it at hand. Study may provide you with more arguments, but if, as is usually the case, this only renders you more unbearably

superior in your intolerance, the advantage is yours alone and cannot be regarded as a national asset. If among *civilised* people, as is the case, ignorance tends to tolerance, the latter may be the more desirable attitude of the two, even when wrong. Furthermore, in the glorious words of Burke, 'inconstancy is the natural corrective of ignorance,' and the man may change, whereas your learned bigot changes not ; he is unalterable.

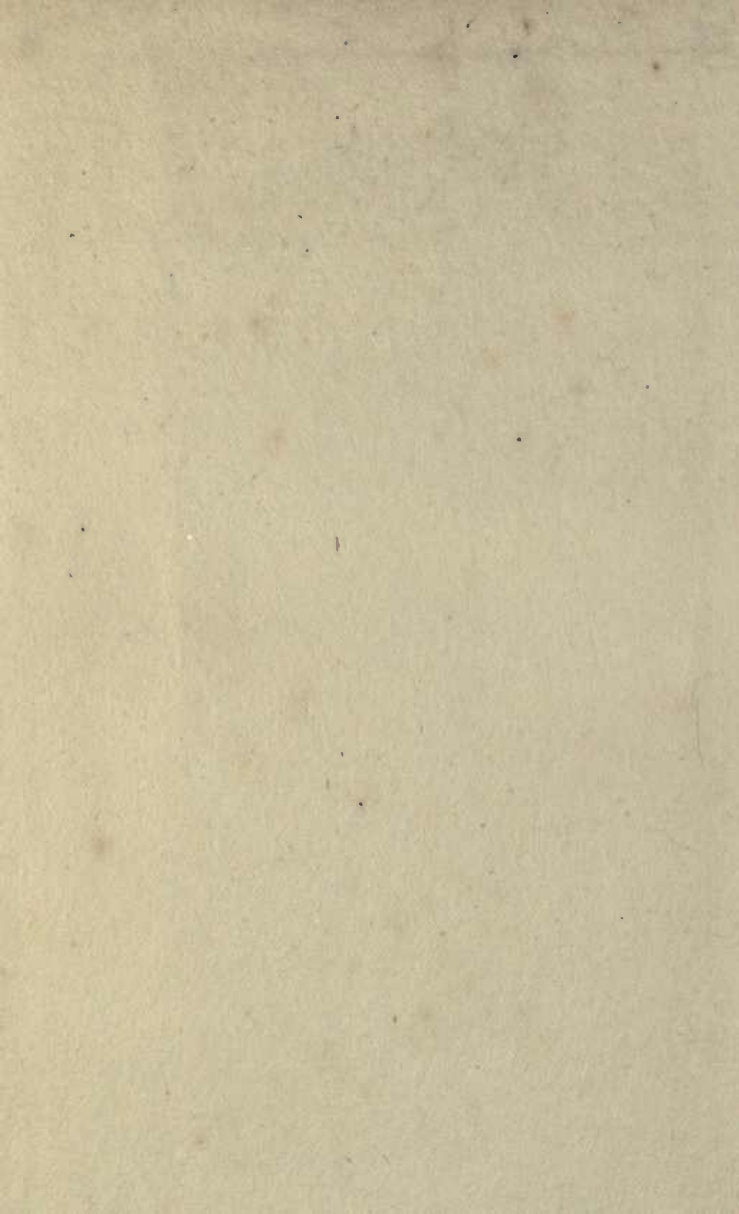
The value of an opinion does not depend on the amount of study behind it nor upon the number of letters after the owner's name, but on how far he realises that his world is in his own head, and that what may apply to that world need not apply to the world of another. My experience is that unlearned men recognise this better than learned ones, at all events in civilised communities. You will hear a highly educated medicine man tell an uninoculated man that he is a danger to his fellows. Now, if the uninoculated man's world was the same as that of the highly educated medicine man's, the argument might apply. But this is not the case. The reason the uninoculated man rejected the vaccine was because, in his world, the inoculated men are the danger, being rendered thereby weaker and more susceptible to every known disease, including the one against which they are supposed to be protected. And so much is the world in one's own head a real world that the more you shrink from a vaccine, and disbelieve in it, the more likely it is to do you harm, and the

more likely it is to cause the actual disease of which it is the substitute. Even if the vaccine were non-poisonous, which none are, even then human organisms would exist to whom this stuff was eminently unsuited and of which the evil effect was increased by the mental antipathy. This realisation of the reality of the world in another man's head so far from being improved by study seems weakened by it. Students devote their whole attention to the object seen and have the impudence to ignore the seer.

Our real haven of refuge against every tyranny, medical or other, should be our law courts. But these have been rendered almost useless by our politicians, who decree that certain things are offences (particularly under Public Health Acts and Education Acts) without any adequate proof, and then calmly fix the penalties. To call this justice in A.D. 1916 seems inconceivable. By these means, you are held guilty before you come into court, and, on the bare word of an education informer, or an urban district medical officer of health,—who is really a sower of disease—you are fined and imprisoned. The pitch to which things have come may be seen in the case of Henry Burdee mentioned in chapter ix. Here the medical trade union council bolster up a charge of manslaughter against an unauthorised rival, who was unfortunate enough to lose a patient, and he receives a sentence of one year's hard labour. If it had not been for the *status* given to fully licensed

medical practitioners and to their remedies, under Public Health Acts, so scandalous a sentence could hardly have been possible. At the same time, unjust judges are a part of humanity which we cannot entirely escape. We cannot do more than appoint a judge. Increase of education has been accompanied by increase of statute law, or law framed on the model of the Ten Commandments, instead of on an actual wrong done to somebody proved in a law court. People brought up on books will persist in trying to be too clever, though they should know better. My aim has been to remind them of this fact.

FINIS



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